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SIXPENCE.

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KUROPATKIN IN COLOSSAL EFFIGY: A JAPANESE FESTAL DECORATION IN HONOUR OF THE VICTORIES IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.

This curious picture appeared originally in "L'Illustrazione Italiana," from which we are here enabled to reproduce it.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

China has its surprises for us, no less than Japan. The Western world is trying, in rather a dazed way, to adjust its conventional modes of thinking to the discovery that the Japanese possess heroic virtues, which are not exactly spread broadcast in Christian Europe. They have a conception of public duty, not flagrantly obvious at every corner in other commonwealths; they have a dignity, a reticence, a patient forethought, a self-control—well, it wrings various withers to prolong the catalogue. I read in an American paper the other day that nothing more scandalous than the Japanese sacrifice of their own lives in this war was known to history. It was an outrage on the deepest principles of ethics. If the deepest principles of ethics are in need of this vindication, they must be in a parlous state. But, as I have said, China is also a contributor to the tale of Oriental marvels. Tucked away in a minute paragraph of a newspaper, I find the announcement that the Dowager-Empress has joined the noble company of "Christian Scientists"! Nobody seems to have taken much notice of this so far; but when Mark Twain's eye fell on it, he must have felt a shiver. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" I can hear him exclaim. "Suppose Mrs. Baker Eddy and the Dowager-Empress of China should be the same woman!"

Europe has not recovered from the shock of finding that the Japanese are a great people. But here is something more ominous still. When the Chinese soldiers went out to fight the white invaders four years ago, they were told that the bullets of the "foreign devils" would glance harmlessly off their sacred persons. This did not happen; but the Dowager-Empress was not then absorbed in the individuality of Mrs. Eddy. Now she has embraced "Christian Science," and made it a religion, a foreign policy, a pharmacopœia, and as good as a coat of impenetrable mail against the weapons of the foreign devils aforesaid, with how much greater zeal will her people rally to the Yellow Dragon, or whatever may be the emblem which makes two Chinamen agree that they have a common country! There has been some talk of Japan taking China in hand, as if a certain familiar Peril were not already of such a deadly saffron tint that we are all bilious with fright at the thought of it. But what if the Imperial Dowager, armed with the resources of "Christian Science," which, as Mark Twain computed some time ago, have given Mrs. Eddy a million adherents in the United States—what, I say, if the Imperial Dowager should send out a horde of missionaries for our conversion! How's that for a perilous yellowness? There's a crocodile in Mr. Barrie's play which has bitten off a gentleman's hand, and hungers for the rest of him. I think, on the whole, I would rather meet that crocodile than the myrmidons of the Dowager Eddy.

The Russian journals just now are such a handful to the Censor that he may have no time for a hurried glance at this page. Still, I beg him to keep an eye on the reports from Peking, and, when he notices that the Dowager-Empress has cured people of the delusion that they have lost a limb or have had bullets right through them, to black out the evidence of such marvels, on the sufficient ground that they are poachers on the preserves of the Holy Synod. I see that the Censor will not permit the mention of astronomical research, which, as he justly says, tends to "subvert traditional beliefs," and that he has interdicted allusions to Hamlet's weakness and indecision as "improper language about a Prince of Denmark." This shows the Censor as a really watchful diplomatist; for Russia, you must know, is on excellent terms with the Court of Denmark, and cannot tolerate reflections on Danish princes, living or dead or even legendary. Besides, Hamlet figures in an English play; and if the Russian Censor had leisure to revise the works of Shakspeare he would find them quite unworthy of the Holy Synod.

Some things are written in this country which might as well be blacked out by a native censorship for all the effect they produce on public opinion. Are we to count among them Lord Roberts's article in the *Nineteenth Century*? He urges the expediency of compulsory training in the use of arms by the youth of the nation, so that the material of soldiery shall be ready to hand in case of emergency. This has nothing to do with conscription; but does anybody believe that in our time a Minister will have the courage to propose that the use of the rifle shall be made obligatory in all schools? It is so much easier and more sentimental to talk about universal peace, and to tell the nations now engaged in a gigantic struggle that with a little sense and forbearance they might have adjusted their quarrel without fighting. It is so much easier to assume that peace is ensured by unreadiness for war, and that to have an expert hand with the rifle is to be imbued with the spirit of "militarism," and the wicked desire to kill some harmless foreigner. Lord Roberts puts the issue in a plain and soldierly way. As wars

are not going to cease at the bidding of visionaries, do we want the manhood of the nation to be competent to make a great military effort, should the necessity be thrust upon us?

I read an article lately by a writer who agrees with Lord Roberts, but holds that a third of the nation would resist the introduction of military drill into schools. The reason is that the appearance of the drill-sergeant in the playground would be repugnant to parents who hold that war is unrighteous, and that drill might have the deplorable effect of sending lads into the Army, or, at any rate, of weakening their aspirations towards the ideal which is to make peace reign upon earth. How far such parents exercise a censorship over the reading of their sons I do not know. Perhaps they forbid them to study the campaigns of Joshua. But as no censorship, domestic or scholastic, has ever been known to prevent boys from reading histories of battles, why should the drill-sergeant turn their cherubic souls to thoughts of slaughter? However, the writer of the article thinks that the sergeant, being too manifestly a soldier, should not be employed; that drill is not necessary after all; and that a military training might be given to boys by some means which would induce parents of most peaceful disposition to regard it as something quite different. For instance, boys might be taught the use of the rifle on the plea that the number of rooks in this country is excessive. Maternal hearts, agitated by the sight of firearms in the household, might be soothed by the prospect of making rook-pie. By innocent devices of this kind (supposing it to be made clear that rooks must be shot with a magazine-rifle) a third of the population might be cajoled out of opposition to Lord Roberts's scheme. We dwell among hypocrisies, and this one would not be so bad as some others. But what would happen when an enthusiastic humanitarian started an agitation for the protection of rookeries?

This subject, I fear, is rather disturbing to Mr. John Lane, who has been discoursing in the *Book Monthly* on peace and poetry. His theory is that until wars and rumours of wars are expelled from the activities of mankind, the poets will not recover the popular ear. Mr. Lane is one of the best friends our modern bards have ever had. He has published them with affectionate assiduity. Here is a new edition of Mr. William Watson, which it is good to look upon, and still better to read. I do not quite understand how Mr. Lane reconciles his theory of poetry with Mr. Watson's magnificent invectives against the Sultan, which are not exactly of a pacific tendency. I notice that people who condemn war often make a reservation for a little *battue* they would like to conduct in Asia Minor. Your Kurd is a ruffian who ought to be polished off the face of the earth, as well as stigmatised, together with his employer, in ringing verse; but the late lamented Mahdi, who was just as bad, and gave us a lot of trouble before he was dispatched, had quite a party of sympathisers in this island. They said he was "rightly struggling to be free," and waxed most poetical over him.

If Mr. Lane is right, poetry cannot come by its own until the last oppressor is extinct, or until two-thirds of the population agree with the remaining third that there is no further need of rifles, even on the pretext of shooting rooks, and that the manufacture of cartridges should be forbidden, except for swelling the returns of British exports. This renaissance of the poets is rather remote. It may be a little rash, moreover, to assume that when the world has left off fighting it will be in a higher mood than in the days when it throbbed to the note of Byron. Poetry then, says Mr. Lane, was the poetry of action; and he thinks that mankind, lapped in luxurious peace or squabbling without blows over invoices, will crave for a transcendental lay! The bard may strike an indignant lyre against the spirit of a too commercial age, absorbed in money-getting; and then Mr. Lane's successor may predict that poetry will never charm and stir the world again until some insurgent arm shall strike a blow for a new commonwealth. Mankind without revolt and upheaval, but carefully pruned and trimmed to fit into a stagnant Millennium, is unthinkable; and a prodigious lot of strife will inflame a host of poets yet unborn, and send them to the Bodley Head of that coming time.

Touching Mr. Barrie's crocodile, a correspondent writes to me: "On behalf of a large young family, I beg to protest against the lame and impotent behaviour of the crocodile in 'Peter Pan.' He does not even shed a tear. My eldest girl, who is a student of Shakspeare, murmured reproachfully, 'And the tears of it are wet.' My youngest boy keeps on sobbing, 'Nasty croc-crocodile; why didn't he e-eat Captain Hook?' Why indeed, Sir! The verdict of my household is that he's a most disappointing beast." I sympathise with this sentiment, and so, I imagine, does Mr. Barrie. It was evidently his intent to consign Captain Hook to the domestic interior of the crocodile. But the pirate is a biggish man, and there wasn't room!

MEASURING TIME.—III.

(See Illustrations.)

The last of Mr. Cunynghame's lectures at the Royal Institution was devoted to the description of machines for measuring very small periods of time, such as the flight of a cannon-ball or the interval between the stimulation of a nerve and the resulting action of a muscle. All these machines, or at least almost all of them, are based upon the action of the tuning-fork. The tuning-fork with which most choirmasters are familiar consists of two prongs of steel, usually measuring for such purposes about half an inch wide by a quarter of an inch thick. These when struck vibrate and give out a note. For reasons explained by science the time of vibration of these forks is uniform. It is very rapid. Five hundred complete vibrations to and fro per second is quite a common speed, though every speed is used from ten vibrations per second upwards. Here, then, we have the measuring instrument. It remains to apply it. A small flexible needle is fixed to one of the prongs, and brought to bear very gently against a somewhat rapidly rotating drum of metal, about eight inches or so in diameter. This drum is covered with a shiny paper, like that used sometimes in millinery boxes. This paper is slightly smoked over by means of a taper, so as to be covered with a brownish layer, on which the slightest scratch is visible. The needle of the tuning-fork is brought to bear against the drum and caused to vibrate. At the same time the drum is rotated. Now suppose the drum, which has a circumference of perhaps a couple of feet, is turned round once in six seconds, then it is clear that in each second the paper will move past the tuning-fork needle by a space of four inches. And during this time, if the rate of vibration of the fork is forty per second, forty vibrations will take place. A wavy track will thus be left on the delicate coating of smoke on the drum, which will show ten complete waves per inch.

Here we have the time-measurer. Now, on the same drum, let another delicate needle also touch, close to the line of the tuning-fork. If steady, this needle will, while the tuning-fork needle is making its wavy line, make a straight line parallel to it. But if an event occurs such as the firing of a gun or the fall of a ball, and if arrangements are made so that when the event occurs, either by a string or an electro-magnet, a slight jog is given to the stationary needle, then a little notch will be made in the line.

If when the ball gets to the target arrangements are made so that the stationary needle gets another jog, then it is clear that the time that has elapsed between the first notch and the second is the time you want to measure. But to do this you need only count the undulations of the tuning-fork line. If there are eight of them, then, since the tuning-fork makes forty complete vibrations to the second, it is evident that eight-fortieths (one-fifth) of a second is the time that has passed.

But when we come to use these methods in gunnery we have to measure much higher speeds and shorter intervals. For instance, a shot from a gun has often a velocity of 1400 ft. per second. If fired so as to cut a wire at starting, and then another wire, say at 200 ft. further on its path, we should want to measure the interval of one-seventh of a second that takes place between the lines when it passes the screens. To do this we want a very rapidly moving drum or surface on which to record the impressions.

Such a device has been designed by Professor Jervis Smith, of the University of Oxford, and was exhibited in action. It consists of a "carriage" moving on wheels on two rails, carrying a smoked glass, and shot off by means of a spring with a velocity of about four feet a second. The tuning-forks and needles trace the record on the smoked glass, which may then be measured up or photographed. Forks with rapidity of vibration up to 1000 complete vibrations to and fro per second are provided with this instrument.

The measurement of a bullet from an air-gun was made. A simultaneous movement was contrived to release the carriage and to fire the air-gun. The bullet, on issuing from the gun, cut a very fine wire, and by severing an electric circuit caused a needle to make a slight hump on its line of track on the smoked glass. On arriving at the target the bullet hit it, and pushed it back, thus making another break, which also was duly recorded. The difference in time between the departure of the bullet from the muzzle of the air-gun and its arrival at the target was measured by counting the undulations shown by the wavy line made by the tuning-fork.

Another experiment was also shown to illustrate the measurement of the time of flight of a projectile—this time a bolt from a cross-bow. If a bolt from a bow is shot off horizontally, it commences to fall the moment it leaves the barrel. As it goes on, it falls faster and faster at exactly the same rate of motion as it would fall if simply dropped from the muzzle. As a result, it describes a parabola, and will reach the ground at the same moment that it would have reached it had it been simply dropped from the muzzle. If, then, we hang the bull's-eye upon a nail so contrived that by an electric trigger the bull's-eye is released at the instant the bolt leaves the muzzle, then, whatever be the distance of the crossbow, or whatever the weight and speed of the bolt, it will always hit the bull's-eye when the bolt impinges on the falling target. Consequently, if the bull's-eye be of cardboard, it will always pin the bull's-eye to the wall.

This curious experiment was tried repeatedly with all sorts of bolts. The light ones flew fast, and quickly caught the bull's-eye a little below the point from which it fell; the heavy ones, which went slower, only caught it low down; but they always pinned it to the wall. Now, as we know that the time of fall of a body in seconds is got in feet by taking one-fourth of the square root of the number of feet it falls in the period, it was therefore clear that where the target was pinned one foot below the point from which it fell, one quarter of a second had intervened from the muzzle to the target, and so on in proportion.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," AT THE NEW THEATRE.

Really there is quite a happy idea underlying the "new romantic comedy" of "Orcey-Barstow" which Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry have just produced at the New Theatre, and the piece itself is, of its kind, the luridly, crudely melodramatic sort of "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," by no means bad. The idea of the play, which has the conventional French Revolution atmosphere, imagines a band of English gentlemen of the Regent's Court who, under the anonymous leadership of the "Scarlet Pimpernel," continually rescue French aristocrats from the embrace of the guillotine. Any dramatic tension the story has depends on a Sardou-like struggle between a French diplomat, who seeks to discover the "Pimpernel's" identity, and this latter's wife, who is given the alternative of letting her brother die or betraying the man she learns, almost too late, is her husband. Truth to nature, historical value, sense of character, artistic quality, this play so quaintly named after a modest hedgerow flower has none; but it is exciting, flamboyant, sensational in an amateurish way, and gives some opportunities to Mr. Terry, who smiles and yawns unflinchingly, as the hero who masquerades as a fop; and to Miss Neilson, whose personal beauty and hysterical outbursts would tell more did she not strive painfully after archness, and emulate unconsciously Mrs. Campbell's monotonous diction.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN," AT THE LYRIC.

In his latest musical comedy, "The Talk of the Town," Mr. Seymour Hicks has more than ever copied American models. The feverish energy with which he has animated his chorus; the elaborate business which he has prepared for some of the chief songs, amounting in the case of an Esquimaux "turn" to a gratuitous change of scenery; the peculiar humour of some of his farcical characters—all these things betray obviously Transatlantic inspiration. For the rest, his story of the extraordinary luck of a young spendthrift who replaces one fortune by another is insignificant, not to say elusive; and the accompanying music, save for certain numbers supplied by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, is tinkling and unimpressive. The compensating features of the production are the gorgeous costumes of the whole company, which defy description, the restless enthusiasm of the chorus which scarcely gives the audience time to breathe, the *brío* of the dances in which Miss Hart Dyke takes an indefatigable lead, the brilliant acting of Miss Sydney Fairbrother as a snuffing and sentimental slattern with a large family, and the novel appointments of various incidental turns—such as Mr. Lytton's and Miss Agnes Fraser's electrically lighted swing duet, a rollicking "Nile" ditty for Mr. Passmore (most droll as a broker's man and a sham officer), a quaint Dutch sabot-song for Miss Maudie Darrell, and the aforesaid Esquimaux scene rendered by Miss Olive Morrell.

"THE DANCING DOLL," AT THE EMPIRE.

The Empire's new "fairy divertissement" is one of the prettiest doll fantasies we have had for years on the English stage, and for once we are shown a "Dancing Doll" that any child can watch with pleasure. Never was there such a stock of old nursery favourites as is to be found in "Professor Marvel's Emporium of Toys and Games"—wooden soldiers, woolly animals, ugly Dutch dollies, black goliwogs, pretty fair-haired darlings. But the cynosure of all eyes is the Expensive Doll, the breaking of which, as it is impersonated by the delightful Mlle. Genée, fills audience and inventor alike with grief. Happily, she is soon mended, and then the doll dances as only its vivacious representative can dance—first as a vivandière, then as a Jack Tar, then as a coquette, and, best of all, in a movement styled "la frolic." The wealth of harmonious colour surrounding this central figure, the comicalities of Mr. William Vokes and Miss Le Clerc in a Dutch doll duet, the charm of Herr Bayer's score (augmented by Mr. Cuthbert Clark)—these accessories all deserve the warmest commendation; but, after all, the Bébé of Mlle. Genée is the prime attraction.

MUSIC.

THREE OVERTURES BY WAGNER.

With the beginning of the New Year London heard for the first time three of Wagner's early overtures. They were composed between the years 1832-36, before the composer had reached his twenty-fourth year, when he was struggling and unknown. Frankly, there is little in the work that Mr. Wood presented with his accustomed skill at the Queen's Hall to suggest the future triumphs of the composer. Of the three overtures, the "Rule, Britannia," is least interesting. Only the first half of the tune is given out in the opening, and it is amplified in the orchestra out of all proportion to its interest; the second half does not follow for some time, and is introduced without very skilled handling. Indeed, there is nothing in the treatment of the work from start to finish that makes the subject less hackneyed or more interesting.

The "Polonia" Overture is a relic of the Polish Revolution in 1831, and is the work of a clever young man who has all a young man's fondness for emphasis, and has studied Beethoven with more enthusiasm than discretion. There must have been scores of men who could write music equally good at that time with no better chance of getting it accepted. It does not strike an original note.

"Christopher Columbus" is one of the three overtures we would choose to hear again. Wagner wrote the

work for a play, and secured a hearing in the year it was written. It shows the same tendency to overload the brass that is manifested in the other two overtures. The introduction of a fanfare adds much to the noise and nothing to the value; but throughout the overture one is conscious of a certain elusive quality that no discords can destroy—the quality of poetic imagination, expressed in the first instance by the strings in a beautiful figure that, it is suggested, may be taken as typical of the restless spirit of the great sailor, or of the sea over which he sails. Later in the overture, when a new subject is given to the wood-wind, the suggestion of "the foam of perilous seas" comes with renewed persistence to the listener, and one remembers how admirably the composer expresses his sense of the water's might and mystery in "The Flying Dutchman." It is hard, even with the best intentions, to say how far Wagner's subsequent development weighs upon our judgment in considering the "Christopher Columbus" Overture. We read its qualities in the light of the operas and music-dramas of later years; and perhaps there is ample excuse for the critics of its own time who—paradoxical as it may seem—could not hear the music's beauties because the composer expressed them so noisily.

It is permissible to suggest that we have heard too much of these long-lost overtures, and that two of the three have no future in our concert-rooms. There is a regrettable tendency in music as well as art and literature to seek out the early and immature efforts of great men, and to hold them up for an admiration that cannot possibly be at once genuine and discriminating. Great workers are the best judges of what should be preserved from oblivion, and had Wagner been proud of the overtures noticed here he would have rescued them while he lived.

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THE WORK OF REFORM IN MACEDONIA: A MIXED COMMISSION INVESTIGATING A CASE.

Matters have not been improving recently in Macedonia, and about the middle of December the Powers presented a combined Note to the Sublime Porte recommending the appointment of more gendarmes officers drawn from the European services. These appointments have been made, and the Porte has made some rather inadequate grants of money to help the work of rebuilding ruined villages and farms, and re-cropping devastated fields. All cases of complaint come before the Mixed Commission, and are adjusted by it.



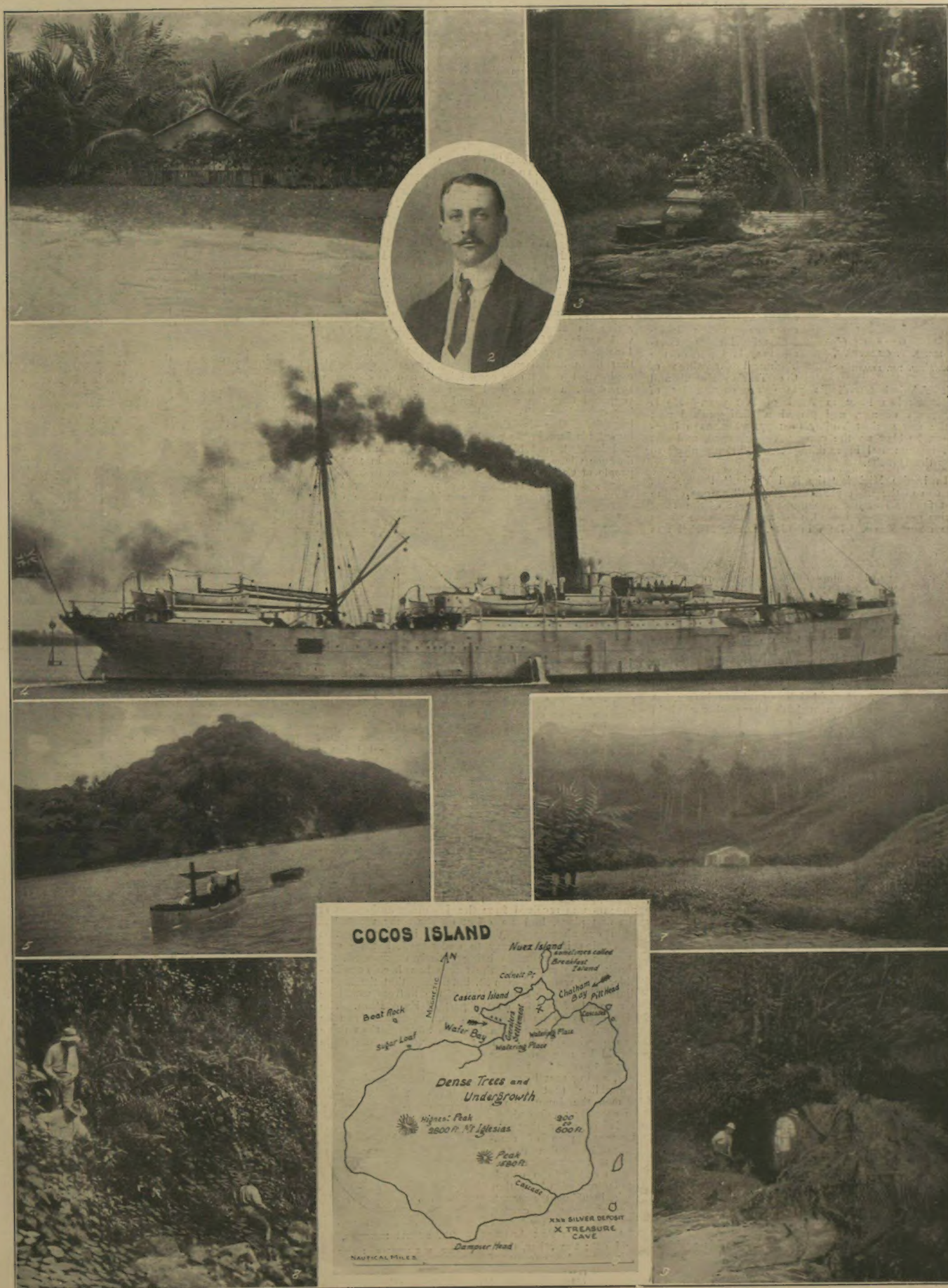
GERMANY'S COLONIAL TROUBLE IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: CAPTURED REBEL WITBOIS BROUGHT INTO A POLICE STATION IN THE INTERIOR.

DRAWING FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O. GERLACH.

Towards the end of December the Germans in South-West Africa engaged and completely dispersed a strong party of Witbois and other tribesmen, who made an obstinate resistance in an entrenched position. The fight lasted ten hours, and the spoils included twelve laden ox-wagons, fifty horses, a thousand head of cattle, several thousand sheep, and some arms and ammunition.

TREASURE ISLAND IN REAL LIFE: COCOS ISLAND, THE "VERONIQUE'S" HUNTING-GROUND.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF COCOS ISLAND, REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT, FROM MR. HERVEY DE MONTMORENCY'S BOOK, "ON THE TRACK OF A TREASURE."



1. TYPICAL HUTS IN COCOS ISLAND.

4. THE TREASURE-SEEKING SHIP "VERONIQUE," FORMERLY "HARLECH CASTLE."
[Photo, Stewart.]

7. A FOREST CLEARING IN COCOS ISLAND.

2. THE MOST RECENT TREASURE-SEEKER: EARL FITZWILLIAM.
[Photo, Dickinson.]

5. ON THE COAST OF COCOS ISLAND: THE GOVERNOR'S PENANCE.

6. A ROUGH TASK: FORMER TREASURE-SEEKERS EXPLORING THE BROKEN GROUND.

3. A DISUSED WATER-WHEEL ON COCOS ISLAND.

6. CHART OF COCOS ISLAND, WHERE THE PIRATE'S TREASURE IS SAID TO LIE.

9. FORMER TREASURE-SEEKERS AT WORK ON COCOS ISLAND.

Admiral Pulliser, who accompanied Earl Fitzwilliam's expedition, was entrusted with the secret of the pirate treasure by a Captain Hackett, and has already made two efforts to find the hoard. The Admiral's portrait and an account of the expedition appear on another page.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Mr. John Frederick Cheetham, whose victory at Stalybridge has made a notable addition to the members of his Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons, is by no means new to political life. As far back as 1868 he was chosen to contest East Cheshire in the Liberal interest, but withdrew before the day of election; in 1880 he was elected for North Derbyshire, and for that constituency he sat for five years; in 1885, when he put up for the newly formed High Peak Division, in 1886, and in 1895, when he contested Bury, he was defeated by his opponent. The new member owns a large interest in the cotton trade, is a magistrate for Cheshire and Lancashire, an alderman of the Cheshire County Council, and a Governor of the Victoria Diamond Jubilee. To mark Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, he presented Stalybridge with a free library. The largeness of Mr. Cheetham's majority is hailed by the Opposition as a striking proof that Lancashire is hostile to fiscal reform. Mr. Travis-Clegg did not stand as a Tariff Reformer, but gave a rather mild support to Mr. Balfour's policy of retaliation.



MR. J. F. CHEETHAM,
NEW M.P. FOR STALYBRIDGE.

took Admiral Skrydloff's place as commander of the Black Sea Fleet in April of last year. He is fifty years of age, and played a distinguished part in the war against Turkey in 1877, when, as a Lieutenant, he blew up the cruiser *Kivirasan*, and was thus instrumental in enabling General Dragomiroff to cross the Danube.

In Louise Michel, "the Red Virgin," France has lost one of the most picturesque as well as one of the most fanatical of her revolutionaries, one of the most fascinating figures, indeed, that her internecine strifes have conjured up. Born in 1835, Louise Michel was the daughter of the master of a manor in the Champagne district who had married a servant girl. Her political feelings were made evident when, towards the end of the Empire, she volunteered to kill Napoleon III. With the coming of the Commune she became both speaker and combatant, and she was equally virulent in both capacities, organising the Central Committee of the Union des Femmes, presiding over the Club de la Révolution, the meetings of which took place in the Church of Saint-Michel, and, in masculine garb, fighting at Issy in the ranks of the 61st Battalion of the Communist Army. She was one of the band of women who defended the Place Blanche barricade against the Versailles troops, and avoided being taken prisoner, but gave herself up when she learned that her mother was held as hostage for her. Duly tried and found guilty, she was sent to New Caledonia, whence she returned to France after the general amnesty of 1880, only to suffer imprisonment for her views again in 1883 and 1886. She made frequent appearances as an active participator at Anarchist meetings in Hyde Park, and, after her temporary exile here, returned to her native country, there to deliver further political speeches.



VICE-ADMIRAL SHIBUSAWA,
JAPANESE GOVERNOR OF PORT
ARTHUR.

The portrait which we publish this week of Mr. L. F. Austin, whose image, curiously enough, has not hitherto found its way into the pages which his pen adorns from January to December. Mr. Austin is one of the most eminent of the writers for the London Press, and for wit and lightness and delicacy of style he has few rivals. The United States claims him in the mere detail of birth, but on the father's side, at any rate, he is of Irish descent. Liverpool had the privilege of educating him. Since 1875 he has been a Londoner of the Londoners. Mr. Austin's connection with *The Illustrated London News* dates from 1898, when he stepped into the gap occasioned by the death of Mr. James Payn. The writer of "Our Note Book" is one of the most delightful of after-dinner speakers known to Metropolitan gatherings, and his voice is in as great request as his pen.

The retirement of Mr. James Sheil from his position as Metropolitan Police Magistrate has meant the transference of Mr. Henry Curtis Bennett from Marylebone to Westminster. Mr. Curtis Bennett, who was born in 1846, is the son of the Rev. George Peter Bennett, for thirty-two years Vicar of Kelvedon. He was educated in his father's parish, and was called to the Bar some thirty-five years ago. He acted as Revising Barrister for Essex for two years, and has been at Marylebone since 1886.

Admiral Henry St. Leger Bury Palliser, who was one of Lord Fitzwilliam's treasure-hunting party, and who is now reported to be on his way home, was born in 1839, and entered the Navy in 1852. He served in the Baltic and in the Black Sea during the Crimea, was engaged in protecting British interests during the Carlist War in 1871, and has been Naval Officer in Charge at Hong-Kong, and Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station. His great love of sport doubtless led to his share in the adventurous journey which has just closed.



ADMIRAL PALLISER,
TREASURE-SEEKER ON COCOS ISLAND.

A NEW TALE
OF TREASURE
ISLAND.

About two months ago Earl Fitzwilliam, having bought the steamship *Veronique* from the Union Castle Line, sailed for the South Pacific to look for hidden treasure. Last Friday the wife of Captain Morrison, commanding the yacht, received a telegram from her husband in these terms: "Accident—I am safe." The news was communicated to Lloyd's, and immediately the insurance upon the *Veronique* ran up to fifty guineas per cent. Next day Lady Fitzwilliam also received a telegram which ran: "Accident—everybody all right; returning home at once; arrive in England 26th. Slightly hurt, but quite well again; Mr. Bulkeley also cut about head." Finally another telegram was received which showed that there had been a landslide, probably during the exploration works in Cocos Island, and that one of the crew, a waiter, had been badly injured. It is supposed that the mishap had occurred during blasting operations. The explorers are inspired by two legends. One is that in 1821 a British pirate buried his loot in the sand at Cocos. He was caught and hanged, and his comrades lost their memory in duress vile. The other story relates how in 1835 the people of Callao were expecting their town to be looted by revolutionaries, when providentially there came along an honest seaman, Captain Thompson, in a British ship. To him they confided all their valuables—marvellous gold-hilted swords and wonderful treasures of the Church and of the Incas—on the understanding that, when the trouble was over, this good man would sail back and restore the spoil. But Captain Thompson never sailed back. He buried the hoard in Cocos, and then he and his crew, being shipwrecked, fell into the clutches of the law. Some were executed and some died, and the secret remained locked in the breast of one Keaton, who passed it on to a Captain Hackett, who communicated it in turn to Admiral Palliser. The Admiral believes the story enthusiastically, and has been the moving spirit of Earl Fitzwilliam's abortive expedition. Probably the noble Lord and the gallant sailor will try again.



THE LATE LOUISE MICHEL,
THE "RED VIRGIN OF THE COMMUNE."

THE WAR: AN
EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

It seems to be more than likely that the fall of Port Arthur may have an indirect influence upon the situation on the Sha-ho more powerful than has hitherto been anticipated. According to a German correspondent at Mukden, the intelligence, which it appears was received from the Japanese authorities in the first place, had an effect on the army which has been overwhelming. What exactly is meant by this expression it is not easy to understand, but we may suppose that, the news being entirely unexpected, the shock to the morale of the forces has been considerable. We were told from St. Petersburg that the immediate effect of the capitulation of the fortress would be a renewal of activity on the part of Kuropatkin. The idea seems to be inherently absurd, for there can be no more reason now for a Russian advance than there was previous to the fall of the fortress, while there should be something like fifty thousand reasons less, seeing that by something like that number of men the Japanese will be speedily reinforced.

It is clear that the Japanese plan of campaign has to a certain extent required modification owing to a couple of factors of which they took insufficient account. One of these, of course, is the extraordinary length of time which Port Arthur held out; the other, that, owing to the energy of Prince Kikoff, the Director of the Russian Military Communications, the dispatch of reinforcements to Manchuria was completed more than a month before that result had been expected by their enemies. But although this has been the case, it was necessary, in order to dispatch the troops required to fill gaps at the front as well as to constitute new units, to lessen the number

of trains carrying stores and provisions to the seat of war. The commencement of the winter brought about a change, and it has been of the essence of the utilisation of the line for some time past that it could be used to supply food and forage and other necessities for the men in the field. We are assured, on the authority of several of the Russian Generals, that the Manchurian army is in good health, is well fed, well clothed, and well shod by the State, and, moreover, is overwhelmed with presents sent from home. But even assuming this to be the case, the army must be housed as well as fed, and the material must be sent from Russia. As, therefore, the numbers of the troops increase and the provision locally supplied becomes exhausted, so must the difficulties of transport multiply in proportion. On the other hand, the transport from Japan to the front is now made by well-constituted stages, and in at least as many days as that from Russia, on the most generous estimate, takes weeks. We cannot believe, therefore, that Kuropatkin is at present in a condition to take the field with any prospect of success.

THE
"ANDRO-
MEDA"
INCIDENT.

Although some surprise was occasioned when the Japanese turned back H.M.S. *Andromeda*, which proceeded to Port Arthur with medical comforts for the sick and wounded, it was conceded, of course, that the victors knew their own business best, and there was no outward manifestation of irritation. The plea that the mines in the harbour rendered the entrance of the vessel impossible seemed valid enough; but it is satisfactory to know that but for a hitch in official routine the stores would have been accepted. Of course, the *Andromeda* could not have entered the harbour, for the reason already mentioned, but means would have been found to land her cargo. It appears that the authorities at Wei-hai-Wei were late in notifying Sir Claude MacDonald of the cruiser's mission. As soon as the British Minister received the information, he at once obtained from the Japanese Government a grateful acceptance of the stores, but when orders to receive them reached Port Arthur the *Andromeda* had already returned to Wei-hai-Wei.

TOLSTOY'S SON ON
GREAT BRITAIN.

Count Leo Tolstoy the younger, in an article to the *Novoe Vremya*, criticises severely the conduct of Great Britain during the present war, and characterises it as absurd. "Great Britain," he says, "is at present acting as a spy by following our squadrons. By doing this she becomes a model ally, but she is carrying out her senseless task to her own ruin. By her alliance with the 'yellow-skins' she is preparing her own downfall, for a people cannot bring itself into contact with savages without feeling the effect of their demoralising influence. The alliance with Japan is a sign that Great Britain is already tending towards savagery, and that she is paving the way for her moral bankruptcy." Probably the best criterion of this criticism is Count Tolstoy's estimate of the Japanese as savages. Certainly the attitude of the victorious troops at Port Arthur towards their prisoners runs a grave risk of being mistaken for the outcome of exalted humanity and civilisation. A little more of this "demoralisation" would do us no harm, and might possibly, in spite of Count Leo Tolstoy, do Russia not a little good.

THE
"ANARCHY AND
REVOLUTION."
most striking symptom

of Russian discontent is Prince Troubetzkoy's letter to Prince Mirski, the Minister of the Interior, who is believed to have resigned. Prince Troubetzkoy, who is President of the Moscow Zemstvo, declares that the country is passing through a period of "anarchy and revolution." He expressed this opinion in a personal interview with the Tsar—an act of signal courage; and he repeats it in a public document, which represents the views of a very large class. Revolution, he says, can be avoided only by confidence on the part of the Tsar in the nation and the existing Estates of the Realm. This will remind some people of the warnings addressed to Louis XVI., which led to the convention of the States-General, but not to peace. The Tsar has advisers who urge him to wield his autocratic power, and yield nothing.

INNOCENCE IN
PRISON.

Mr. Beck has received an order on the Treasury for five thousand pounds from the Government; but as he lost about forty thousand by his unjust imprisonment, he is not very enthusiastic over this bounty. From a new Blue Book it appears that the practice of sending untried prisoners to gaol to await their trial leads to considerable abuse. In 1903 there were thirteen cases in which accused persons were detained more than four months, and then acquitted. For these unfortunate people there was no compensation whatever.



MR. L. F. AUSTIN,
AUTHOR OF "OUR NOTE BOOK."



ADMIRAL DUBASSOFF,
REPLACING ADMIRAL KAZNAKOFF ON
NORTH SEA COMMISSION.



MR. CURTIS BENNETT,
NEW WESTMINSTER POLICE
MAGISTRATE.



Photo. Crick.

A BRITISH SHIP TURNED BACK BY THE JAPANESE: H.M.S. "ANDROMEDA."

As soon as Port Arthur had fallen, the "Andromeda" sailed from Wei-hai-Wei with hospital stores; but the Japanese could not permit these to be landed. Elsewhere we discuss the incident in detail.

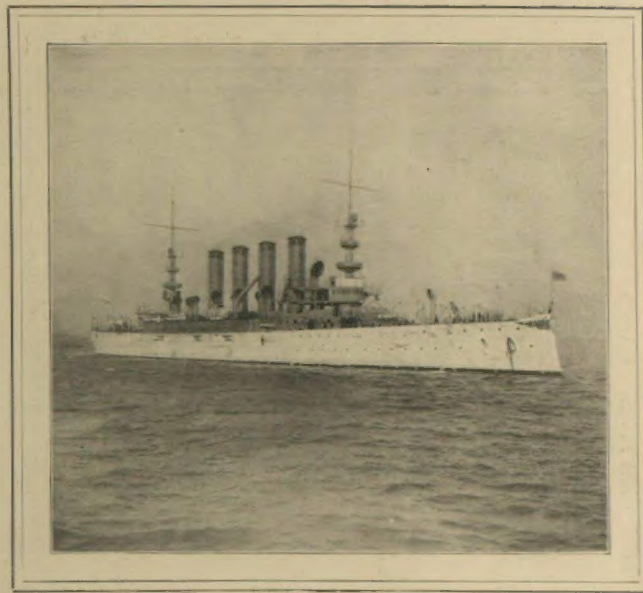
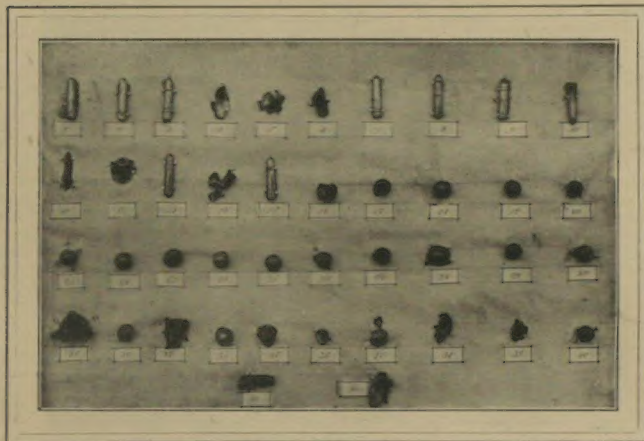


Photo. Watson.

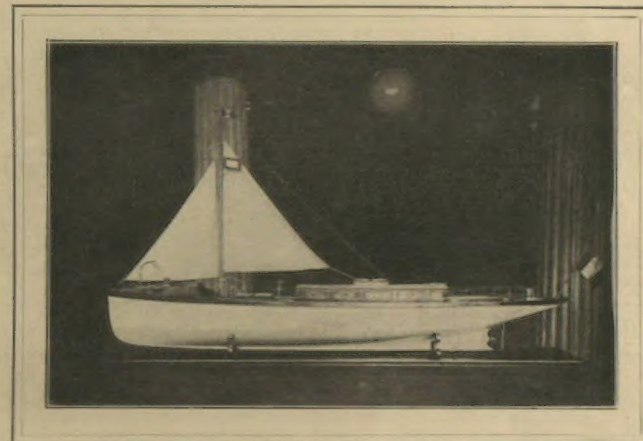
THE HANDSOMEST SHIP IN THE AMERICAN NAVY: THE "COLORADO."

The new United States armored cruiser "Colorado" is of 17,650 tons. She is said to be the finest vessel in the service. Her speed at her trial trip was from 22 to 24 knots an hour.



A RECORD OF WOUNDS: A COLLECTION OF BULLETS AT HARBIN.

In the Hospital No. 3 at Harbin is to be seen this collection of bullets, shrapnel, and shell-splinters. Each is duly catalogued, with the record and result of the case. The photograph was given by Colonel Desimo, the Press Censor of Harbin, to Mr. Julius Price, our Special Artist with the Russian forces.



A COVERED MOTOR-BOAT BY THE MERCEDES COMPANY.

The craft of which this is a model differs from former motor-boats in being decked over and in being rigged for small sails. She is entered to compete for the Mediterranean Cup at the Monaco races for automobile vessels. These were instituted last year, and at once became extremely popular with society on the Riviera.

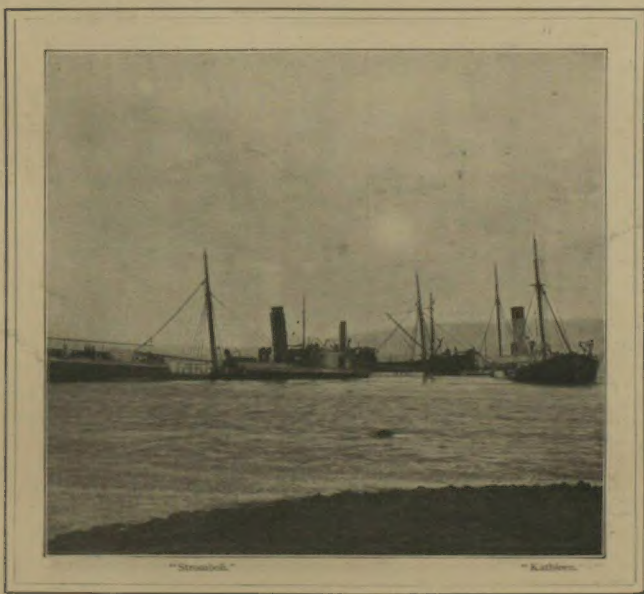


Photo. Robertson.

THE RECENT COLLISION ON THE CLYDE: THE SUNKEN "STROMBOLI" AND "KATHLEEN."

The collision between the trading-vessels "Stromboli" and "Kathleen" took place on December 31. Our photograph was taken from Garvel Point, near Greenock, an hour and a half before ebb tide.



Photo. Watson.

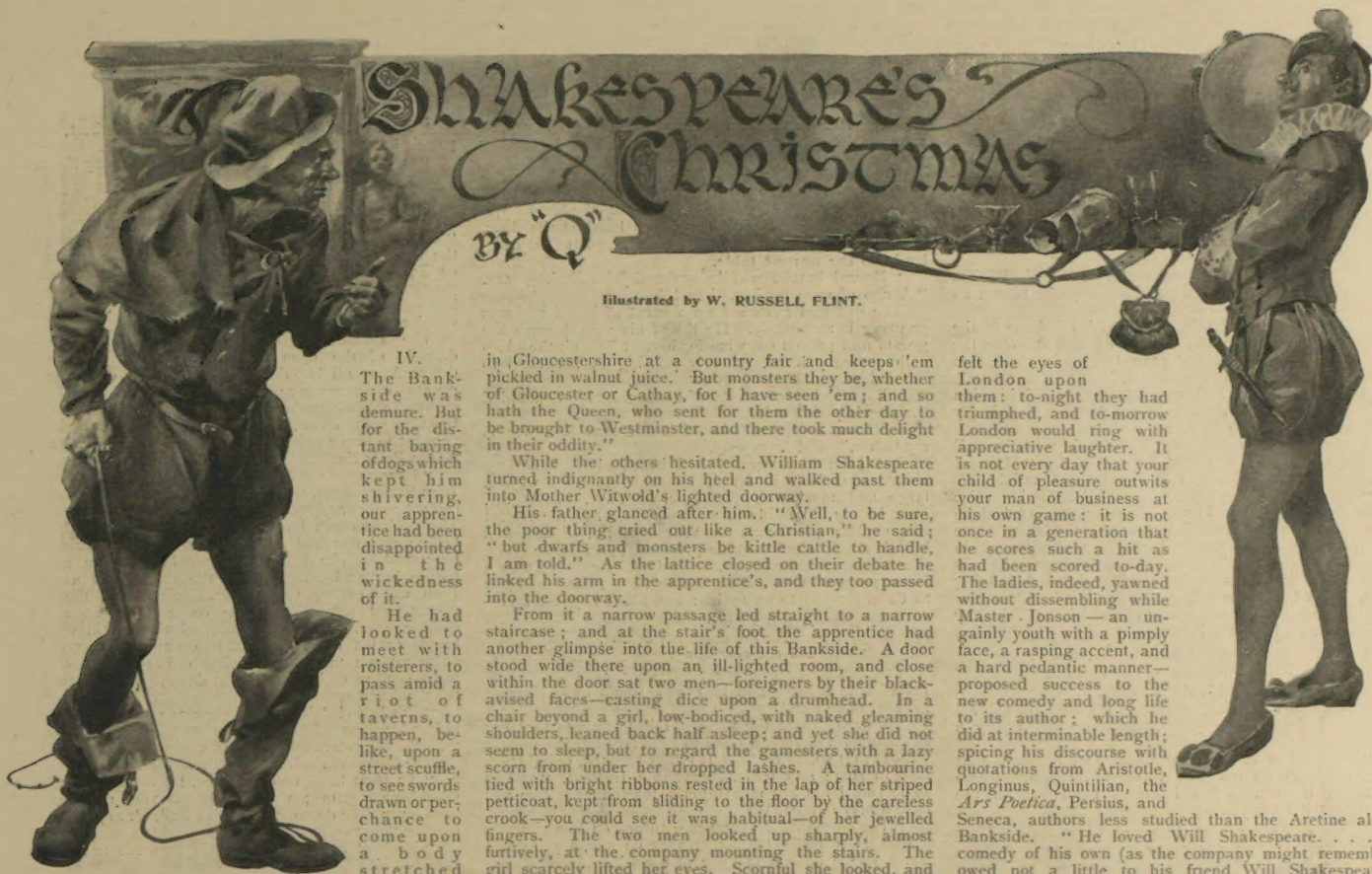
ONE EFFECT OF THE RECENT GALE: THE COLLAPSE OF THE PARAGON STATION, HULL.

The tremendous force of the wind rushing in at the open end of the station proved too much for the glass and iron roof to resist, and a large portion of the structure collapsed in the manner shown.



THE EX-PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL PASSING THE PEDESTAL THAT WAS TO HAVE HELD HIS STATUE IN CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA.

Mr. Kruger's remains were interred at Pretoria on December 16. He was laid to rest in his wife's grave before a great concourse of his former subjects. As the procession moved through Church Square, Pretoria, it passed close to the pedestal of the statue originally prepared for the ex-President's effigy, but now vacant. In the afternoon speeches were delivered from the platform on the right by Generals De Wet and Botha.



IV.
The Bankside was demure. But for the distant baying of dogs which kept him shivering, our apprentice had been disappointed in the wickedness of it.

He had looked to meet with roisterers, to pass amid a riot of taverns, to happen, be-like, upon a street scuffle, to see words drawn or perchance to come upon a body stretched across the roadway and

hear the murderers' footsteps in the darkness, running. These were the pictures his imagination had drawn and shuddered at: for he was a youth of no great courage.

But the Bankside was demure; demure as Chepe. The waterside lanes leading to Mistress Witwold's at the corner of Paris Gardens differed only from Chepe in this—that though the hour was past midnight, every other door stood open or at least ajar, showing a light through the fog. Through some of these doorways came the buzz and murmur of voices, the tinkling of stringed instruments. Others seemed to await their guests. But the lanes themselves were deserted.

From the overhanging upper storeys lights showed here and there through the chinks of shutters or curtains. Once or twice in the shadows beneath, our apprentice saw, or thought he saw, darker shadows draw back and disappear: and gradually a feeling grew upon him that all these shadows, all these lidded upper windows, were watching, following him with curious eyes. Again, though the open doorways were bright as for a fête, a something seemed to subdue the voices within—a constraint, perhaps an expectancy—as though the inmates whispered together in the pauses of their talk and between the soft thrumming of strings. He remarked, too, that his companions had fallen silent.

Mother Witwold's door, when they reached it, stood open like the rest. Her house overhung a corner where from the main street a short alley ran down to Paris Garden Stairs. Nashe, who had been leading along the narrow pavement, halted outside the threshold to extinguish his lantern; and at the same moment jerked his face upward. Aloft, in one of the houses across the way, a lattice had flown open with a crash of glass.

"Jesu! help!"

The cry ended in a strangling sob. The hands that had thrust the lattice open projected over the sill. By the faint foggy light of Mother Witwold's doorway our apprentice saw them outstretched for a moment; saw them disappear, the wrists still rigid, as someone drew them back into the room. But what sent the horror crawling through the roots of his hair was the shape of these hands.

"You there!" called Nashe, snatching the second lantern from Burbage's hand and holding it aloft towards the dim house-front. "What's wrong within?"

A woman's hand came around the curtain within and felt for the lattice stealthily, to close it. There was no other answer.

"What's wrong there?" demanded Nashe again.

"Go your ways." The voice was a woman's, hoarse and angry, yet frightened withal. The curtain still hid her. "Haven't I trouble enough with these tetchy dwarfs, but you must add to it by waking the streets?"

"Dwarfs?" Nashe swung the lantern so that its rays fell on the house-door below: a closed door and stout, studded with iron nails. "Dwarfs?" he repeated. "Let her be," said Burbage, taking his arm. "I know the woman. She keeps a brace of misbegotten monsters she picked up at Wapping off a ship's captain. He brought 'em home from the Isle of Serendib, or Cathay, or some such outlandish coast, or so she swears his word was."

"Swears, doth she? Didst hear the poor thing cry out?"

"Ay, like any Christian; as, for aught I know, it may be. There's another tale that she found 'em down

in Gloucestershire at a country fair and keeps 'em pickled in walnut juice. But monsters they be, whether of Gloucester or Cathay, for I have seen 'em; and so hath the Queen, who sent for them the other day to be brought to Westminster, and there took much delight in their oddity."

While the others hesitated, William Shakespeare turned indignantly on his heel and walked past them into Mother Witwold's lighted doorway.

His father glanced after him. "Well, to be sure, the poor thing cried out like a Christian," he said; "but dwarfs and monsters be kittle cattle to handle, I am told." As the lattice closed on their debate he linked his arm in the apprentice's, and they too passed into the doorway.

From it a narrow passage led straight to a narrow staircase; and at the stair's foot the apprentice had another glimpse into the life of this Bankside. A door stood wide there upon an ill-lighted room, and close within the door sat two men—foreigners by their black-avised faces—casting dice upon a drumhead. In a chair beyond a girl, low-bodied, with naked gleaming shoulders, leaned back half asleep; and yet she did not seem to sleep, but to regard the gamblers with a lazy scorn from under her dropped lashes. A tambourine tied with bright ribbons rested in the lap of her striped petticoat, kept from sliding to the floor by the careless crook—you could see it was habitual—of her jewelled fingers. The two men looked up sharply, almost furtively, at the company mounting the stairs. The girl scarcely lifted her eyes. Scornful she looked, and sullen and infinitely weary, yet she was beautiful withal. The apprentice wondered as he climbed.

"Yes," his patron was saying, "'tis the very mart and factory of pleasure. Ne'er a want hath London in that way but the Bankside can supply it, from immortal poetry down to—to—"

"—Down to misshapen children. Need'st try no lower, my master."

"There be abuses, my son: and there be degrees of pleasure, the lowest of which (I grant you) be vile, sensual, devilish: Marry, I defend not such. But what I say is that a great city should have delights proportionate, to her greatness—rich shows and pageants and processions by land and water; plays and masques and banquets with music; and the men who cater for these are citizens as worthy as the rest. Take away Bankside, and London would be the cleaner of much wickedness: yet by how much the duller of cheer, the poorer in all that colour, that movement which together be to cities the spirit of life! Where would be gone that glee of her that lifts a man's lungs and swells his port when his feet feel London stones? Is't of her money the country nurses think when to wondering children they fable of streets all paved with gold? Nay, lad; and this your decent, virtuous folk know well enough—your clergy, your aldermen—and use the poor players while abusing them. Doth the parish priest need a miracle-play for his church? Doth my Lord Mayor intend a show? To the Bankside they hie with money in their purses: and if his purse be long enough, my Lord Mayor shall have a fountain running with real wine, and Mass Thomas a Hell with flames of real cloth-in-grain, or at least a Lazarus with real sores. Doth the Court require a masque, the Queen a bull-baiting, the City a good roaring tragedy, full of blood and impugned innocence—Will! Will, I say! Tarry a moment!"

They had reached the landing, and looked down a corridor at the end of which, where a lamp hung, Shakespeare waited with his hand on a door-latch. From behind the door came a buzz of many voices.

"Lad, lad, let us go in together! Though the world's applause weary thee, 'tis sweet to thine old father."

As he pressed down the latch the great man turned for an instant with a quick smile, marvellously tender.

"He can smile; then?" thought the apprentice to himself. "And I was doubting that he kept it for his writing!"

Within the room, as it were with one shout, a great company leapt to its feet, cheering and lifting glasses. Shakespeare, pausing on the threshold, smiled again, but more reservedly, bowing to the homage as might a king,

V.

Three hours the feast had lasted: and the apprentice had listened to many songs, many speeches, but scarcely to the promised talk of gods. The poets, maybe, reserved such talk for the Mermaid. Here they were outnumbered by the players and by such ladies as the Bankside (which provided everything) furnished to grace the entertainment; and doubtless they subdued their discourse to the company. The Burbages, Dick and Cuthbert, John Heminge, Will Kempe—some half-a-dozen of the crew perhaps—might love good literature: but even these were pardonably more elate over the epilogue than over the play. For months they, the Lord Chamberlain's servants, had

felt the eyes of London upon them: to-night they had triumphed, and to-morrow London would ring with appreciative laughter. It is not every day that your child of pleasure outwits your man of business at his own game: it is not once in a generation that he scores such a hit as had been scored to-day. The ladies, indeed, yawned without dissembling while Master Jonson—an ungainly youth with a pimply face, a rasping accent, and a hard pedantic manner—proposed success to the new comedy and long life to its author; which he did at interminable length; spicing his discourse with quotations from Aristotle, Longinus, Quintilian, the *Arts Poetica*, Persius, and Seneca, authors less studied than the Aretine along Bankside. "He loved Will Shakespeare. . . . A comedy of his own (as the company might remember) owed not a little to his friend Will Shakespeare's acting. . . . Here was a case in which love and esteem—yes, and worship—might hardly be dissociated. . . . In short, speaking as modestly as a young man might of his senior, Will Shakespeare was the age's ornament and, but for lack of an early grueling in the classics, might easily have been an ornament for any age." Cuthbert Burbage—it is always your quiet man who first succumbs on these occasions—slid beneath the table with a vacuous laugh and lay in slumber. Dick Burbage sat and drummed his toes impatiently. Nashe puffed at a pipe of tobacco. Kempe, his elbows on the board, his chin resting on his palms, watched the orator with amused interest, mischief lurking in every crease of his wrinkled face. Will Shakespeare leaned back in his chair and scanned the rafters, smiling gently the while. His speech, when his turn came to respond, was brief, almost curt. He would pass by (he said) his young friend's learned encomiums, and come to that which lay nearer to their thoughts than either the new play or the new play's author. Let them fill and drink in silence to the demise of an old friend, the vanished theatre, the first ever built in London. Then, happening to glance at Heminge as he poured out the wine—"Tut, Jack!" he spoke up sharply: "keep that easy rheum for the boards. Brush thine eyes, lad: we be all players here—or women—and know the trade."

It hurt. If Heminge's eyes had begun to water sentimentally, they flinched now with real pain. This man loved Shakespeare with a dog's love. He blinked, and a drop fell and rested on the back of his hand as it fingered the base of his wine-glass. The apprentice saw and noted it.

"And another glass, lads, to the Phoenix that shall arise! A toast, and this time not in silence!" shouted John Shakespeare, springing up, flask in one hand and glass in the other. Meat and wine, jest or sally of man or woman, dull speech or brisk—all came alike to him. His doublet was unbuttoned; he had smoked three pipes, drunk a quart of sack, and never once yawned. He was enjoying himself to the top of his bent. "Music, I say! Music!" A thought seemed to strike him; his eyes filled with happy inspiration; still gripping his flask, he rolled to the door, flung it open, and bawled down the stairway—

"Aho! Below, there!"

"Aho, then, with all my heart!" answered a voice, gay and youthful; pat on the summons. "What is't ye lack, my master?"

"Music, an thou canst give it. If not—"

"My singing voice broke these four years past, I fear me."

"Your name, then, at least, young man, or ever you thrust yourself upon private company."

"William Herbert, at your service." A handsome lad—a boy, almost—stood in the doorway, having slipped past John Shakespeare's guard: a laughing, frank-faced boy, in a cloak slashed with amber satin. So much the apprentice noted before he heard a second voice, as jaunty and even more youthfully shrill, raised in protest upon the stairhead outside.

"And where the master goes," it demanded, "may not his page follow?"

John Shakespeare seemingly gave way to this second challenge as to the first. "Be these friends of thine, Will?" he called past them as a second youth appeared in the doorway, a pretty, dark-complexioned lad, cloaked in white, who stood a pace behind his companion's elbow and gazed into the supper-room with eyes at once mischievous and timid.

"Good evening, gentles!" The taller lad had comprehended the feasters and the disordered table in a roguish bow. Good-evening, Will!" He singled out Shakespeare, and nodded.

"My Lord Herbert!" The apprentice's eye, cast towards Shakespeare at the salutation given, marked a dark flush rise to the great man's temples as he answered the nod.

"I called thee 'Will,'" answered Herbert lightly.

"You called us 'gentles,'" Shakespeare replied, the dark flush yet lingering on either cheek. "A word signifying bait for gudgeons, bred in carrion."

"Yet I called thee Will," insisted Herbert more gently. "'Tis my name as well as thine, and we have lovingly exchanged it before now, or my memory cheats me."

"'Tis a name lightly exchanged in love." With a glance at the white-cloaked page Shakespeare turned on his heel.

"La, Will, where be thy manners?" cried one of the women. "Welcome, my young Lord; and welcome the boy beside thee for his pretty face! Step in, child, that I may pass thee round to be kissed."

The page laughed and stepped forward with his chin defiantly tilted. His eyes examined the women curiously and yet with a touch of fear.

"Nay, never flinch, lad; I'll do thee no harm," chuckled the one who had invited him. "Mass o' me, how I love modesty in these days of scandal!"

"Music? Who called for music?" a foreign voice demanded; and now in the doorway appeared three newcomers, two men and a woman—the same three of whom the apprentice had caught a glimpse within the room at the stair's foot. The spokesman, a heavily built fellow with a short bull-neck and small cunning eyes, carried a drum slung about his shoulders and beat a rub-a-dub on it by way of flourish. "Take thy tambourine and dance, Julitta!"

Julie, prends ton tambourin;
Toi, prend ta flute, Robin."

he hummed, tapping his drum again.

"So? So? What foreign gabble is this?" demanded John Shakespeare, following and laying a hand on his shoulder.

"A pretty little carol for Christmas, Signore, that we picked up on our way through Burgundy, where they sing it to a jargon I cannot emulate. But the tune is as it likes you—

Au son de ces instruments—
Turelurelu, patapatapan—
Nous dirons Noël galement."

Goes it not trippingly, Signore? You will say so when you see my Julitta dance to it."

"Eh—eh? Dance to a carol?" a woman protested. "'Tis inviting the earth to open and swallow us."

"Why, where's the harm on't?" John Shakespeare demanded. "A pretty little concomitant, and anciently proper to all religions, nor among the heathen only, but in England and all parts of Christendom—

In manger wrapped it was—
So poorly happ'd my chance—
Between an ox and a silly poor ass
To call my true love to the dance!
Sing O, my love, my love, my love."

There's precedent for ye, Ma'am—good English precedent. Zooks! I'm a devout man, I hope; but I bear a liberal mind and condemn no form of mirth, so it be honest. The earth swallow us?—ay, soon or late it will, not being squeamish. Meantime dance, I say! Clear back the tables there, and let the girl show her paces!"

Young Herbert glanced at Burbage with lifted eyebrow, as if to demand, "Who is this madman?" Burbage laughed, throwing out both hands.

"But he is gigantic!" lisped the page, as with a wave of his two great arms, John Shakespeare seemed to catch up the company and fling them to work pell-mell, thrusting back tables, piling chairs, clearing the floor of its rushes. "He is a whirlwind of a man!"

"Come, Julitta!" called the man with the drum. "Francisco, take thy pipe, man!"

Au son de ces instruments—
Turelurelu, patapatapan."

As the music struck up, the girl, still with her scornful, impassive face, leapt like a panther from the doorway into the space cleared for her, and whirled down the room in a dance the like of which our apprentice had never seen nor dreamed of. And yet his gaze at first was not for her, but for the younger foreigner, the one with the pipe. For if ever horror took visible form, it stood and stared from the windows of that man's eyes. They were handsome eyes, too, large and dark and passionate: but just now they stared blindly as though a hot iron had seared them. Twice they had turned to the girl, who answered by not so much as a glance; and twice with a shudder upon the man with the drum, who caught the look and blinked wickedly. Worst of all was it when the music began, to see that horror fixed and staring over a pair of cheeks ludicrously puffing at a flageolet. A face for a gargoyle! The apprentice shivered, and glanced from one to other of the company: but they, one and all, were watching the dancer.

It was a marvellous dance, truly. The girl, her tambourine lifted high, clashing softly to the beat of the music, whirled down the length of the room, while above the pipe's falsetto and rumble of the drum the burly man lifted his voice and trold—

"Turelurelu, patapatapan,
Au son de ces instruments
Faisons la nique à Satan!"

By the barricade of chairs and tables, under which lay Cuthbert Burbage in peaceful stupor, she checked her onward rush, whirling yet, but so lazily that she seemed for the moment to stand poised, her scarf outspread like the wings of a butterfly: and so, slowly, very slowly, she came floating back. Twice she repeated this, each time narrowing her circuit, until she reached

the middle of the floor, and there began to spin on her toes as a top spins when (as children say) it goes to sleep. The tambourine no longer clashed. Balanced high on the point of her uplifted forefinger, it too began to spin, and span until its outline became a blur. Still, as the music rose shriller and wilder, she revolved more and more rapidly, yet apparently with less and less of effort. Her scarf had become a mere filmy disc rotating around a whorl of gleaming flesh and glancing jewels.

A roar of delight from John Shakespeare broke the spell. The company echoed it with round upon round of hand-clapping. The music ceased suddenly, and the dancer, dipping low until her knees brushed the floor, stood erect again, dropped her arms, and turned carelessly to the nearest table.

"Bravo! bravissimo!" thundered John Shakespeare. "A cup of wine for her, there!"

The girl had snatched up a crust of bread and was gnawing it ravenously. He thrust his way through the guests and poured out wine for her. She took the glass with a steady hand, scarcely pausing in her meal to thank him.

"But who is your master of ceremonies?" demanded the page's piping voice.

William Shakespeare heard it and turned. "He is my father," said he quietly.

But John Shakespeare had heard also. Wheeling about, wine-flask in hand, he faced the lad with a large and mock-elaborate bow. "That, young Sir, must be my chief title to your notice. For the rest, I am a plain gentleman of Warwickshire, of impaired but (I thank God) bettering fortune; my name John Shakespeare; my coat, or, a bend sable, charged with a lance proper. One of these fine days I may bring it to Court for you to recognise: but, alas! says Skelton—

Age is a page
For the Court full unmeet,
For age cannot rage
Nor buss her sweet sweet."

I shall bide at home and kiss the Queen's hand through my son, more like."

"Indeed," said the page, "I hear reports that her Majesty hath already a mind to send for him."

"Is that so, Will?" His father beamed, delighted.

"In some sort it is," answered Herbert, "and in some sort I am her messenger's forerunner. She will have a play of thee, Will."

"The Queen?" Shakespeare turned on him sharply. "This is a fool's trick you play on me, my Lord." Yet his face flushed in spite of himself.

"I tell thee, straight brow and true man, I heard the words fall from her very lips. 'He shall write us a play,' she said; 'and this Falstaff shall be the hero on't, with no foolish royalties, to overlay and clog his mirth.'"

"And, you see," put in the page maliciously, "we have come express to the Boar's Head to seek him out."

"That," Herbert added, "is our suit to-night."

"Well, lad, thy fortune's made!" John Shakespeare clapped a hand on his son's shoulder. "I shall see thee Sir William yet afore I die!"

If amid the general laughter two lines of vexation wrote themselves for a moment on Shakespeare's brow they died out swiftly. He stood back a pace, eyed his father awhile with grave and tender humour, and answered the pair of courtiers with a bow.

"Her Majesty's gracious notion of a play," said he, "must needs be her poor subject's pattern. If then I come to Court in motley, you, Sirs, at least will be indulgent, knowing how much a suit may disguise."

The page, meeting his eye, laughed uneasily. "'Tis but a frolic—" he began.

"Ay, there's the pity o't," interrupted a deep voice—Kemp's.

The page laughed again, yet more nervously. "I should have said the Queen—God bless her!—desires but a frolic. And I had thought"—here he lifted his chin saucily and looked Kempe in the face—"that on Bankside they took a frolic less seriously."

"Why, no," answered Kempe: "they have to take it seriously, and the cost too—that being their business."

"'Tis but a frolic, at any rate, that her Majesty proposes, with a trifling pageant or dance to conclude, in which certain of the Court may join."

A harsh laugh capped this explanation. It came from the dancing-girl, who, seated at the disordered table, had been eating like a hungry beast. She laid down her knife, rested her chin on her clasped hands, and, munching slowly, stared at the page from under her sullen, scornful brows.

"Would'st learn to dance, child?" she demanded.

"With thee for teacher," the page answered modestly. "I have no skill, but a light foot only."

"A light foot!" the woman mimicked and broke into a laugh horrible to hear. "Wouldst achieve such art as mine with a light foot? I tell thee that to dance as I dance thy feet must go deep as hell!" She pushed back her plate and, rising, nodded to the musicians. "Play, you," she commanded.

This time she used no wild whirl down the room to give her impetus. She stood in the cleared space of floor, her arms hanging limp, and at the first shrill note of the pipe began to revolve on the points of her toes, her eyes, each time as they came full circle, meeting the gaze of the page, slowly fascinating, freezing it. As slowly, deliberately, her hand went up, curved itself to the armpit of her bodice; and lo! as she straightened it aloft, a snake writhed itself around her upper arm, lifting its head to reach the shining bracelets, the jewelled fingers. A curving lift of the left arm, and on that too a snake began to coil and climb. Effortless, rigid as a revolving statue, she brought her fingertips together overhead and dipped them to her bosom.

A shriek rang out, piercing high above the music.

"Catch her!" She faints!" shouted Kempe, darting forward. But it was Shakespeare who caught the page's limp body as it dropped back on his arm. Bearing it

to the window, he tore aside the curtain and thrust open a lattice to the dawn. The unconscious head drooped against his shoulder.

"My Lord"—he turned on Herbert as though the touch maddened him—"you are a young fool! God forgive me that I ever took you for better! Go, call a boat and take her out of this."

"Nay, but she revives," stammered Herbert, as the page's lips parted in a long, shuddering sigh.

"Go, fetch a boat, I say!—and make way there, all you by the door!"

VI.

"Tut! tut!—the wench will come to fast enough in the fresh air. A dare-devil jade, too, to be sparking it on Bankside at this hour!—but it takes more than a woman, they say, to kill a mouse, and with serpents her sex hath an ancient feud. What's her name, I wonder?"

The candles, burning low and guttering in the draught of the open window, showed a banquet-hall deserted, or all but deserted. A small crowd of the guests—our apprentice among them—had trooped downstairs after Shakespeare and his burden. Others, reminded by the grey dawn, had slipped away on their own account to hire a passage home from the sleepy watermen before Paris Garden Stairs.

"Can anyone tell me her name, now?" repeated John Shakespeare, rolling to the table and pouring himself yet another glass of wine. But no one answered him. The snake-woman had folded back her pets within her bodice and resumed her meal as though nothing had happened. The burly drummer had chosen a chair beside her and fallen to on the remains of a pasty. Both were eating voraciously. Francisco, the pipe-player, sat sidesaddle-wise on a form at a little distance and drank and watched them, still with the horror in his eyes. One or two women lingered, and searched the tables, pocketing crusts—searched with faces such as on battlefields, at dawn, go peering among the dead and wounded.

"But hullo!" John Shakespeare swung round, glass in hand, as the apprentice stood panting in the doorway. "Faith, you return before I had well missed you!"

The lad's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"An thou hasten not, master, I fear me thou may'st miss higher game; with our hosts—your son amongst 'em—even now departing by boat and, for aught I know, leaving thee to pay the shot."

"Michael and all his angels preserve us! I had forgot—"

John Shakespeare clapped a hand on his empty pocket, and ran for the stairhead. "Will!" he bawled. "Will! My son Will!"

The apprentice laughed and stepped toward the window, tittupping slightly; for (to tell the truth) he had drunk more wine than agreed with him. Standing by the window, he laughed again vacuously, drew a long breath, and so spun round on his heels at the sound of a choking cry and a rush of feet. With that he saw, as in a haze—his head being yet dizzy—the heavy man catch up his drum by its strap and, using it as a shield, with a backward sweep of the arm hurt off the youth Francisco, who had leapt on him knife in hand. Clutching the curtain, he heard the knife rip through the drum's parchment and saw the young man's face of hate as the swift parry flung him back staggering, upsetting a form, against the table's edge. He saw the glasses there leap and totter from the shock, heard their rims jar and ring together like a peal of bells.

The sound seemed to clear his brain. He could not guess what had provoked the brawl; but in one and the same instant he saw the drummer reach back an arm as if to draw the dancing woman on his knee; heard his jeering laugh as he slipped a hand down past her bare shoulder; saw her unmoved face, sullenly watching; saw Francisco, still clutching his knife, gather himself up for another spring. As he sprang the drummer's hand slid round from behind the woman's back, and it too grasped a knife. An overturned chair lay between the two, and the rail of it as Francisco leapt caught his foot, so that with a clutch he fell sideways against the table. Again the glasses jarred and rang, and again more loudly as the drummer's hand went up and drove the dagger through the neck, pinning it to the board. The youth's legs contracted in a horrible kick, contracted again and fell limp. There was a gush of blood across the cloth, a sound of breath escaping and choked in its escape; and as the killer wrenched out his knife for a second stroke, the body slid with a thud to the floor.

The apprentice had feasted, and feasted well; yet throughout the feast (he bethought himself of this later), no serving-man and but one serving-maid had entered the room. Wines and dishes had come at call to a hatch in the wall at the far end of the room. One serving-maid had done all the rest, moving behind the guests' chairs with a face and mien which reminded him of a tall angel he had seen once borne in a car of triumph at a City show. But now as he left his curtain, twittering, crazed with fear, spreading out both hands toward the stain on the tablecloth, a door beside the hatch opened noiselessly, and swift and prompt as though they had been watching, two men entered, flung a dark coverlet over the body, lifted and bore it off, closing the door behind them. They went as they had come, swiftly, without a word. He had seen it as plainly as he saw now the murderer sheathing his knife, the woman sullenly watching him. The other women, too, had vanished—they that had been gleaming among the broken crusts. Had they decamped, scurrying, at the first hint of the brawl? He could not tell: they had been, and were not.

He stretched out both hands towards the man and the woman—would they, too, vanish?—and the damning stain? A cry worked in his throat, but would not come.

"Gone!" a voice called, hearty at once and disconsolate, from the doorway behind him. "Gone—given

me the slip, as I am a Christian sinner. What? You three left alone here? But where is our friend the piper?"

The apprentice made a snatch at a flask of wine, and turning, let its contents spill wildly over the bloodied tablecloth.

"Art drunk, lad—shamefully drunk," said John Shakespeare, lurching forward. "They have given me the slip, I say, and ne'er a groat have I to redeem my promises."

"They paid the score below—I saw them; and this thy son charged me to hand to thee." The apprentice drew a full purse from his pocket and flung it on the table. "I—I played thee a trick, master: but let me forth into fresh air. This room dizzies me..."

"Go thy ways—go thy ways, child. For my part I was ever last at a feast to leave it, and would crack one more cup with these good folk. To your health, M a d a m!" He reached a hand for the wine-flask as the apprentice set it down and went forth, tottering yet.

VII.

Dawn was breaking down the river; a grey dawn as yet, albeit above the mists rolling low upon the tide-way a clear sky promised gold to come—a golden Christmas Day. The mist, however, had a chill which searched the bones. The red-eyed waterman pulled as though his arms were numb. Tom Nashe coughed and huddled his cloak about him, as he turned for a last backward glance on Bankside, where a few lights yet gleamed, and the notes of a belated guitar tinkled on, dulled by the vapours, calling like a thin ghost above the deeper bay- ing of the hounds.

"Take care of thyself, lad," said Shakespeare kindly, stretching out a hand to help his friend draw the cloak closer.

"Behoved me think of that sooner, I doubt," Nashe answered, glancing up with a wry, pathetic smile, yet gratefully. He dropped his eyes to the cloak and quoted—

"Sometime it was of cloth-in-grain,

'Tis now but a sigh-clout, as you may see;

It will hold out neither wind nor rain—

and—and—I thank thee, Will!

But I'll take my old cloak about me.

There's salt in the very warp of it, good Yarmouth salt. Well..."

"Well..."

"Is't true thou'rt become a landowner, down in thy native shire?"

"In a small way, Tom."

"A man of estate? with coat-of-arms and all?"

"Even that too, with your leave."

"I know—I know. *Nescio qua natale solum*—those others did not understand; but I understood. Yes, and now I understand that fifth act of thine, which puzzled me afore, and yet had not puzzled me; but I fancied—poor fool!—that the feeling was singular in me. 'Twas a vile life, Will." He jerked a thumb back at Bankside.

"Ay, 'tis vile."

"My cough translates it into the past tense; but—then, or now, or hereafter—'tis vile. Count them up, Will—the lads we have drunk with aforetime. There was Greene, now..."

Shakespeare bent his head for tally.

"—I can see his poor corse staring up at the

"That Jonson, Tom, is a tall poet, or will be."

"The devil care! Tall poet or not, he is no Englishman and understands not the race. Art is not for us. We have dreamed dreams, thou and I: the dreams are coming to pass, but the dream of the Englishman is to own a narrow, round, Dear Will, there is more in this than greed. There is the call of the land, which is home. For me—thou knowest—I had ne'er the gift of saving. My bolt is shot, or almost: two years at farthest must see the end of me. But when thou comest back, looking that I understood the end? What is the end? I am writing, now at the last? A..."

...all of the red-sheriffing! Ay, the red-sheriffing!

...as an inland man, rise to the virtues of that fish not to the merit of my handling. But I have read some pages of it to my neighbours there and I learn from their approving looks that I shall die respected.

Yet I have forgot and dreamed of fame...

On the Bankside at the foot of Paris Garden Stairs, deserted now of watermen, a youth sat with his teeth clenched.

A heavy splash on the tide-way as it had opened. He watched. He was past fear. The body hobbled once to the surface, then faded circles thrown to the foot of Paris Garden Stairs. It did not rise again. The Bankside knew its business.

A heavy footfall came down the steps to the land.

"A glorious night!" A voice called from the river.

The apprentice watched the river.

"A glorious night!" A voice called from the river.

"They rise thrice before sinking, I have always heard," twittered the lad.

"What the devil art talking of? Here, take my cloak, if thou feelest the chill. The watermen here ply by shifts, and we shall hail a boat anon to take us over. Meanwhile, if thou hast eyes, boy, look on the river—see the masts there, below bridge, the sun touching them!—see the towers yonder, in the gold of it!

London, thou art the flower of cities all!

—Eh, lad?"

The sun's gold, drifted through the fog, touched the side of a small row-boat nearing the farther shore. Behind, and to right and left along Bankside, a few guitars yet tinkled. Across the tide came waited the sweet voices of London's Christmas bells.

THE END.



Whirled down the length of the room.

rafters: there on the shoemaker's bed, with a chaplet of laurel askew on the brow. The woman meant it kindly, poor thing!... She forgot to close his eyes, though. With my own fingers I closed 'em, and laid a two penny piece on her forehead. 'Twas the first dead flesh I had touched, and I feel it now. ... But George Peele was worse, ten times worse. I forget if you saw him?"

Again Shakespeare bent his head.

"And poor Kit? You saw Kit, I know... with a hole below the eye, they told me, where the knife went through. And that was our Kit, our hope, pride, paragon, our Daphnis. Damnation, and this is art! Didst hear that blotch-faced youngster, that Scotchman, how he prated of it, laying down the law?"



A DISASTROUS EFFECT OF THE GREAT GALE ON THE EAST COAST: THE WRECK OF THE PIER AT SCARBOROUGH, JANUARY 7

ILLUSTRATED BY WALKER

The pier was built on the site of the old pier, and the long bridge between the pier and the station platform was completely swept away by the waves. The new Marine Drive was also washed away. The pier is now a ruin, and the old pier has been purchased as a private residence by the Mayor.

Prince Colonna

The Pope. Cardinal Merry del Val.



Portuguese Ambassador.

Austrian Ambassador.

Prussian Minister.

WISHING THE POPE A HAPPY NEW YEAR: RECEPTION OF FOREIGN AMBASSADORS AT THE VATICAN.

DRAWN BY E. A. CASTELLI.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN": THE NEW MUSICAL PIECE AT THE LYRIC.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM MR. SEYMOUR HICKS'S NEW WORK.

(SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES.")

LITTLE MASQUERADERS AT THE MANSION HOUSE: GUESTS AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE.



1. THE SWISS CANYON VAUD: MISS M. WILLIAMS.
7. ROSEBUD: MISS A. COOLING.
13. HUNTSMAN: HAROLD MERCER.

2. WHITE POPPY: MISS FRANKFORD.
8. A BASKET OF FLOWERS: MISS WILLIS.
14. MEXICAN COWBOY: GEOFFREY NORMAN.

3. ORANGES AND LEMONS: MISS V. WALLACE.
9. BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES: MISS M. MARCUM.
15. ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET: CYRIL SMITH.

4. RED RIDING HOOD: MISS IVY DAVIES.
10. FAIRY QUEEN: MISS F. STEWART BERNARD.
16. ENTENTE CORDIALE: GORDON REVELEY.

5. A BASKET OF LETTUCE: MISS SCRATCHLEY.
11. LITTLE EGYPT: MISS B. ELLIOT SPARIS.
17. CAPTAIN JAMES BARLEY: RICHARD DEVEREUX.

6. BUTTERFLY: MISS EVELYN BRAWELL.
12. JUNE ROSES: MISS M. SHIRREFF.
18. TORREADOR: R. SAUNDERS.

Master Richard Devereux, son of "Miss Annie Hughes," the popular actress, impersonated to the life Mr. Cyril Maude's impersonation of Captain Barley in "Beauty and the Barge." He was "made up" by Mr. Maude himself.

THE PICTURESQUE TWELFTH NIGHT INSTITUTION AT THE MANSION HOUSE: THE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS JAN. 14 1876 25

THE EXTRAORDINARY FIND OF 8000 HIDDEN STATUES AT KARNAK, UPPER EGYPT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DISCOVERER, M. G. LEGRAIN.



UNEARTHING A BURIED MONARCH: DISCOVERY OF THE STATUE OF KING MERENPTAH, 19th DYNASTY.



M. LEGRAIN'S WORKMEN DIGGING FOR STATUES IN THE MUD OF THE HIDING-PLACE.



THE HIDING-PLACE OF THE STATUES FLOODED BY INFILTRATION FROM THE NILE.

The work of recovering the statues is extremely arduous, because the excavations are continually flooded by the infiltration of Nile water, as the operations are conducted below the level of the river.

TREASURE TROVE AT KARNAK: EIGHT THOUSAND STATUES HIDDEN BELOW THE TEMPLE AT KARNAK, THE MOST IMPORTANT EGYPTOLOGICAL DISCOVERY OF THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE DISCOVERER, M. G. LEGRAIN.



1. STATUES DATED ABOUT 400 B.C.

2. M. LEGRAIN SHOWING THE EXCAVATIONS TO MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

3. EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE STATUES.

4. KING AMENOPHIS III. IN BASALT (ABOUT 1450 B.C.).

4A. KING FARAGA IN GILDED BRONZE (ABOUT 700 B.C.).

5. KING TUTANKHAMON IN GREY GRANITE (1400 B.C.).

6. THE HIDING-PLACE OF THE STATUES FLOODED BY NILE WATER.

7. HEAD OF A STATUE OF AMENOPHIS IV. (18TH DYNASTY, 1450 B.C.).

8. THE ARCHITECT SEN-MUT DANDLING PRINCESS NEFERU-RA.

9A. APOUL.

9. A PRIEST OF AMMON.

10. KING NEFER-HEP III. (ABOUT 2900 B.C.).

10A. KING TUTANKHAMON IN GREY GRANITE.

TREASURE TROVE AT KARNAK: FINE EXAMPLES OF THE BURIED STATUARY.

Illustrations by M. G. LONDON.



1. GROUP OF THE GYFIR EPOCH (ABOUT 300 B.C.).

2. STATUE OF OSORONER (? USK-EN-RA), BROWN GRANITE (ABOUT 400 B.C.).

3. STATUE OF HORHHIR (?), BRÛCHE VERTE AND ALABASTER (800 B.C.).

4. STATUE OF AM-NNIS (?), IN BURL (ABOUT 800 B.C.).

5. HEAD OF A COLOSSES OF USERI-BEN III. (ABOUT 2400 B.C.), ROSE GRANITE, HEIGHT 11.20.

6. RAMSES KNEELING BEFORE AMNON (ABOUT 1330 B.C.).

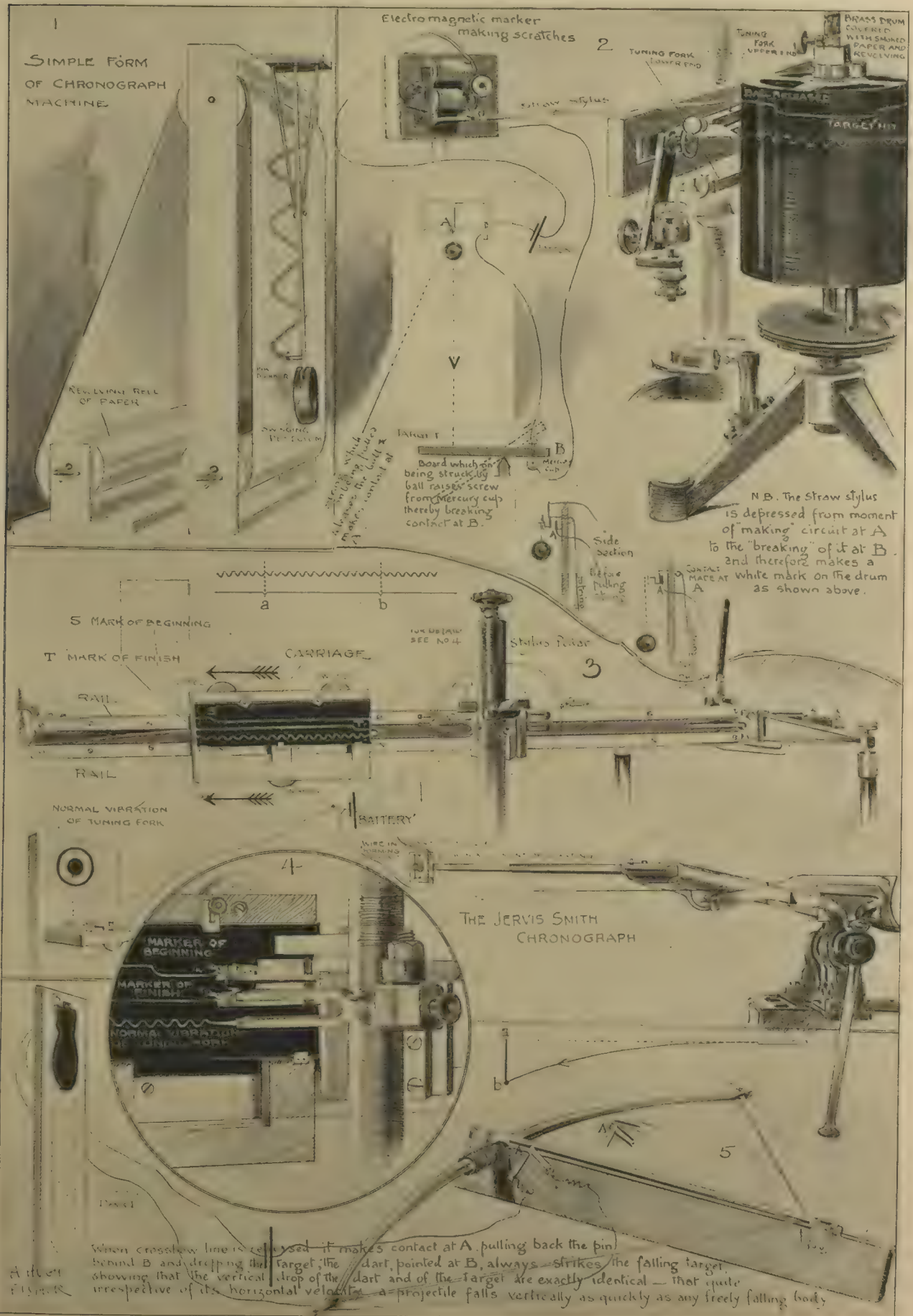
7. STATUE OF SONNEITH AND OF HIS WIFE SENAI (ABOUT 1130 B.C.).

8. STATUE OF APHRIIS, IN BASALT (ABOUT 591 B.C.).

9. KING THOTHNES III., IN ALABASTER (ABOUT 1600 B.C.).

MEASURING INFINITESIMAL TIME: RECORDING THE SPEED OF PROJECTILES

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MR. H. CUNYNGHAME, THE CHIEF LECTURER AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION—(SEE ARTICLE)



1. A SIMPLE FORM OF CHRONOGRAPH: PENDULUM WITH INK-MARKER RECORDING A WAVED LINE ON A TRAVELLING STRIP OF PAPER.

2. DRUM CHRONOGRAPH RECORDING SPEED OF A FALLING BALL.

3. FOR MEASURING HIGH SPEEDS AND SHORT INTERVALS, AS REQUIRED IN GUNNERY: PROFESSOR JERVIS SMITH'S CHRONOGRAPH.

4. ENLARGED DETAIL OF STYLUS PILLAR IN 3.

5. THE CROSSBOW EXPERIMENT, SHOWING THAT A PROJECTILE FIRED POINT-BLANK REACHES THE GROUND IN THE SAME TIME AS IF IT HAD SIMPLY BEEN DROPPED FROM THE MUZZLE. (See Explanation on Drawing.)

LAST GLIMPSES OF THE LONG LEAGUER: JAPANESE AERONAUTS AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



NIGHT ON THE DOOMED CITY: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HOMBARDMENT AND THE DEFENSIVE WORKS.

The great searchlights mark the position of the Liao-ti-shan forts. The narrow extremity of the same peninsula is the Tiger's Tail. Opposite to it, across the fairway, where sunken ships are lying, are Golden Hill and Electric Hill, under the shelter of which are the East Basin and the Torpedo Dock, near which the "Sevastopol" is supposed to have lain before she went outside for shelter and was torpedoed. The fore shore on the nearer side of the East Basin is the Bund, upon which the first Japanese shell fell, wrecking the Russian Imperial Bank.

FROM OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES AT HARBIN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOPKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS M. PRUP, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES.



DISCUSSING THE POSITION: GENERAL GLINSKY AND HIS STAFF AT HEADQUARTERS, HARBIN.

The Russians evidently believe in the late Lord Salisbury's advice to study large maps, and at the headquarters at Harbin the great ordnance survey of the seat of war is pinned upon the wall. Each square represents a separate sheet. The most northerly point shown is Harbin, and the whole theatre of operations, including the Liao-tung and Korea, is under discussion.

THE LEPERS' PORTION: A WAYSIDE SCENE IN DISTURBED MOROCCO

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A FOREIGN ENVOY'S CHARITY TO THE LEPERS ON THE ROAD TO FEZ.

...and much such the type peculiar to the unfortunate lepers in Morocco closely resemble those worn by the lepers of England in the Middle Ages. To avoid spreading contamination, they must not receive alms with their hands, but hold out a wooden bowl to the charitable passer-by, who in this case is the Minister of a foreign Court on his way to visit the Sultan at Fez.

"We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

And each good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun

'Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew.'

-WHITTIER.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PRIZE—TO THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!" SHAKESPEARE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not to the cleverest boy, nor the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*" SMITHS.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD.
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
ROBBIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
OF the UNIVERSE, THY
KNOWEST thou ANY
WHERE at least FORCE
is not!

THE WITHERED LEAF
CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!

SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; cast
aside;
BUT ALL, were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION;
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."—LONGFELLOW.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it, though
working in inverse order.
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS
ABILITY, SENSE
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

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MONTE CARLO.

Savants declare that the time will come when London will be freed from its fogs, when men will carry their day's food, tabloid-fashion, in their waistcoat pockets, possibly they will add to such a tempting programme of sunshine, to be followed by a proportionate amount of warmth tending to draw the sting of English winter. In the meantime, railway

the Principality of Monaco has grown in public favour each year. The steady tide of visitors has influenced enterprising builders to turn their attention to Monte Carlo. The bare plateau, which contained little else save the Hôtel de Paris and the Café of that ilk within the gardens of the Casino, has been covered with hotels; while houses built with every idea of modern comfort have sprung up not only round the gardens and in every thoroughfare within the Principality of Monaco, but have

in the theatre attached to the Palais des Beaux-Arts, and concerts within the theatre attached to the Casino. Modern and classic concerts attract the representatives of society from Cannes, Nice, and Mentone, and then the evening is provided for by the best Parisian artistes, reproducing farce and comedy, repeating the most successful pieces of the past season, while the opera troupe and the picked *danseuses* from the Grand Opéra in Paris and La Scala at



streak of troubled water dividing the two countries can be traversed with a minimum of those qualms which so dolorously affect the voyager. Through trains await the traveller at Calais, and those who want to pass a few hours and dine in the French capital can spend the evening there and proceed by the new express train, which conveys them within record time to the Sunny South. The towns of Cannes and Nice have their charms, but

to French territory, constituting a new township, which has been appropriately termed "Beau-Soleil." The excellent accommodation offered to visitors, hotels and boarding-houses catering for every purse, and the perpetual round of amusements offered for all, have been keenly appreciated. There is the morning parade on the broad terrace overhanging the emerald sea, the bright sun shining from out the blue sky, and the cosmopolitan gathering of rank and fashion. In the afternoon there are performances

Milan delight both ear and eye from the commencement of the season. Another great attraction is the International Sporting Club, which is an eminently social institution uniting the best-known men in club-land, who find themselves at home without subscription or ballot. It was the birthplace of that new sport, the motor-boat; and the exhibition at Monaco, with the racing in the Bay extending over the first fortnight in April, will prolong the season and bring hundreds to Monte Carlo.

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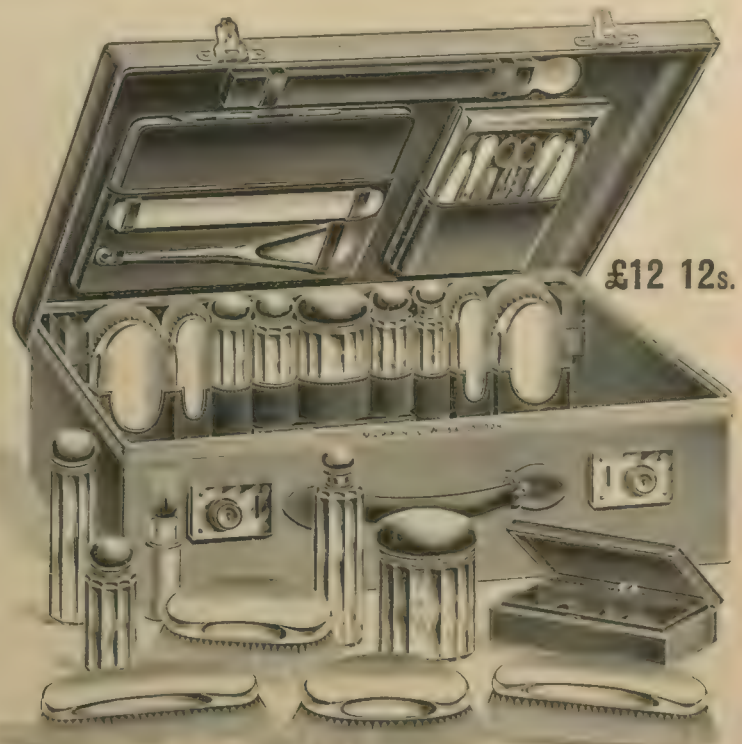
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LADIES' PAGES.

Trinity College, Dublin, has made a decision of much importance to those ladies who have already, in fact, taken their degrees at Cambridge University by passing, not merely the ordinary, but the Tripos or Honours examination. Students of Newnham and Girton in large numbers have passed these examinations, but are not permitted to use the title of B.A., or to proceed later to the M.A., which the men who pass less difficult ordinary examinations thereby obtain. This is often a grave disadvantage to women who go in for teaching: some appointments, especially in the Colonies, are reserved for graduates, and cannot admit these Cambridge Honours women to hold the posts, although they are, in fact, more highly educated than graduates need be. To enable themselves to use a degree title, many women who have already passed the Tripos at Cambridge sit over again at London University. But Trinity College has now graciously determined that any women who can produce certificates of having passed in the Cambridge Tripos shall be given degrees at Dublin without further examination; and at the graduation ceremony just before Christmas no fewer than sixty ladies gratefully availed themselves of this opportunity.

Queen Alexandra recently commissioned two lady Army nurses to proceed to Japan and inquire into the working of the Japanese Red Cross Society and the arrangements that this wonderful nation in its young civilisation has made for nursing the sick and wounded soldiers. Miss McCaul, the senior of the Queen's Commissioners, has been authorised by her Majesty to publish the results of her inquiry, and a very interesting little book, in diary form, has just appeared. The King has inspected the samples of equipment and food that the nurse brought over, and has ordered their exhibition in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. Miss McCaul has found that the arrangements for preserving the health of the soldiers are a strong testimony to Japanese foresight and good sense. For instance, drinking unboiled water is a punishable offence, and every scrap of rubbish is buried. The forage-cap for active service is provided with a detachable linen cover, from which hangs down behind and over the ears a linen flap to protect the neck from the dangerous force of the sun in summer. The flap is made in three parts, in order that the air may pass freely in to the skin while the sun is warded off. Moreover, when marching through a district where mosquitoes are troublesome, the Japanese soldier can put on a net cage over his helmet, making him appear something like a moving meat-safe, round which the mischievous tormentors, who are now quite fully convicted of carrying malaria in their sting as well as of causing nerve-irritation, may buzz in vain. This fly-cover, recently illustrated by Mr. Villiers, closes down quite flat for carriage when not in use. On the other hand, when the weather is cold, the soldier is provided with



A SUMPTUOUS TEA-GOWN.

This elaborate and graceful confection is built in velvet and chiffon. The velvet, of Eminence purple shade, hangs loose from the lace yoke, showing the undergown of white chiffon painted or woven with mauve floral design. The velvet is embroidered along the edges, and the sleeves are accordion-pleated plain chiffon.

a fur-lined hood to his great-coat, which fastens on his head by means of a flap that goes round the throat. Then there are thick woollen gloves, shaped like babies' mittens—the fingers all in one space and the thumb in another; to prevent these protectors for the hands going a-missing, they are hung by cords from the coat-collar. The preserved foods used by the Japanese are equally remarkable. Miss McCaul has also brought home samples of the cooking-utensils of the troops (which are chiefly of the light and lasting, but costly material, aluminium) and of army stretchers. It is very interesting to have had a woman commissioned to inquire into and officially report on matters of such importance to our forces as these.

I have on a previous occasion remarked that the actual position of the women of Japan must be altered considerably by the results of the war. In every war—but notably in the Napoleonic Wars of the early part of the last century, and in the American Civil War—the result of the wholesale destruction of men has been visible in a call upon the women to come forth into the outer world to work. The same result, though less noticed, since the country is little known, has followed the like cause in Paraguay, where all business and every form of labour is done by women now; because, owing to the slaughter of the men during the wars between the group of Republics in that part of South America, twenty women are now found in Paraguay to every man. In each instance—and it must be so in all similar cases—the women who under normal conditions would have been wives and mothers only, tending their homes and bringing up their children, have had to come out and undertake all manner of other tasks. The work presses to be done; the women no longer find their natural support in domestic life; and the inevitable result of these combined circumstances is, whether for good or for evil, to widen the sphere of women at large.

As this result will naturally follow in Japan, it is an excellent thing for the future welfare of the Japanese women that the laws affecting them have quite recently undergone a wholesale revision in the direction of freedom and justice. The new code of Japan, unlike that of Germany, has been framed on the model of the most advanced countries of the world. America, England, and France, each in some one or more respects stands in advance of other nations in regard to the legal position of women. France has a more just divorce law than ours, but has not the independence of property for married women that we benefit by; while America closes no professions by law to women, and in many of the States gives wives property rights, and in most States there are equal

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who are feeling tired, miserable and nervous, and want energy: whose vital power is diminished by mental and physical overstrain: all who are exhausted by long-standing illness, Depression in Spirits, or over-excitement of the Brain

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Ye Old Time Washinge Daye.

her to obtain her freedom. Her property was entirely handed over and administered by him. Devotion the most complete to his wishes was taught to her in every respect, while he received no instruction to regard her as a slave. He claims to his credit that he

time of marriage or adoption, she is to remain her own, unless it is expressly stipulated to the contrary in the marriage contract; if a father dies, certain parental authority is secured to a mother; and divorce is placed upon a footing of even-handed justice. For unmarried women there are to be exactly the same as for men.

responsibilities are looming are as well equipped as possible for their novel and serious future.

Ladies travelling alone are warned from Paris of a new sort of danger. A well-dressed and ladylike Scotch woman has been frequenting the Paris terminus and the railway carriages, and has been seen to enter the cars of the Paris-Lyon and Paris-Marseilles lines. She has been seen to enter the cars of the Paris-Lyon and Paris-Marseilles lines.

their way to the Custom House, and so on. The unsuspecting travellers thus aided have naturally been full of gratitude for the kindly assistance of a fellow-countrywoman. But all too soon after she has left them they discovered that a travelling-bag, a purse, or an umbrella and

Very becoming to most women is the new coronet style of hairdressing, that is to say, only in a few places, as old as

ation, and they find it vastly becoming in many cases. Few girls have natural tresses adequate to make a plait long enough and wide enough to go right round the head, showing above the brow like a coronet. In the majority of cases

into play for an "addition." But here is a "wrinkle" for those of you who really do boast a sufficient quantity of hair to make a good thick and long plait. Divide your locks into two equal halves, and make a couple of plaits; bring one



A SMART COAT.

Built of putty-coloured cloth in the Redingote style, with triple capes outlined with narrow braid.

up towards the front round each side of the head, crossing them cleverly in front, and this will not be perceived; the ends will tuck under at the sides of the head, and the plait that is visible across the brow will appear to be one long plait simply. Of course, for a really fashionable coiffure, this is not adequate: the hairdressers when they ordain the fashion have too keen an eye to business to introduce a simple style that can be easily accomplished by the wearer; and the new method of hair-dressing demands not only enough hair to make the full plait coronet-shape above the forehead, but also enough to turn back over a Pompadour front and to build into coils or curls behind. Only it is possible to combine the fashionable detail with one's own common-sense, and to make the plait alone suffice, when one has enough hair to construct this becoming coronet.

Nearly all the really smart gowns for evening wear continue to be made in the Marie Antoinette style, as called Louis Seize. Striped silk constructed a Louis Seize evening dress with the characteristic deep point to the bodice that proved to have a particularly smart effect in the stripes. The peak of the bodice descended over the tablier of flatly laid lace, which was supported on sky-blue tulle. There was a lace chemisette, also laid flatly on blue, and a deep swathe of the same blue was placed round the low neck. The new shot-silks, which are called, in the jargon of the moment, "chameleon," are also charming fabrics for Louis Seize designs. The colourings are very delicate, such as pale-grey to green, shimmering pink to blue, champagne-yellow to mauve, and silver-grey to emerald. These new silks are wonderfully soft, and drape or fold like the traditional India muslins of our ancestresses. That softness makes them suitable for the new fashion of an exceeding fullness round the skirt, produced in many cases by pleats or gaugings at the waist, but sometimes by a clever cut which allows the top to sit closely over the hips and yet soon passes to the fullness of flow ordained by fashion.

Wintry winds demand some protection for the skin; in most women roughness and coarsening of the surface must be apprehended if no assistance is rendered to counteract the ills of winter. One of the oldest and best-established remedies for such little troubles (not so small either, if their consequences are considered) is Crème Simon. It is free from injurious ingredients, and, if it be rubbed gently into the skin, then wiped off carefully and finished by a dust of Poudre Simon, a clear, velvety complexion is produced, and a delicate perfume is imparted to the cheeks. Spots, cracks of the lips, and chaps on the hands will also yield quickly to the same remedy. A luxurious way of gaining the beneficial effects of the ingredients of which Crème Simon is composed is to empty a flask into a bath. This is most refreshing after a journey or a dance; and to enable it to be safely carried on a journey, crème can be had in a special stoppered bottle. Then there is the soap of the same makers, admirable for purity and suited for the most tender and delicate skins. FILOMENA.

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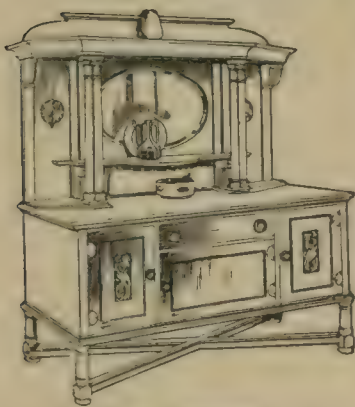
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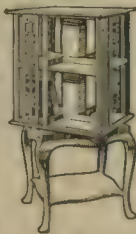
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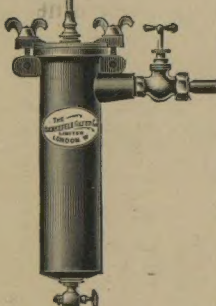
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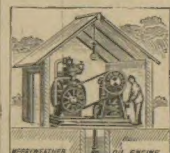
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The Church Army's Christmas dinner and entertainment will be held on Jan. 13, at the Marylebone Baths at 6.30 p.m.—The 89th annual Court of Governors of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women will be held on Jan. 17 at 3 p.m. at the Mansion House.

In view of a rumour which is being circulated to the effect that a certain firm of publishers has a financial interest in the firm of Messrs. Mather and Crowther, the officials of that company ask us to announce that all the shares have been and are held exclusively by the directors, and no other person, firm, or company has, or ever had, any interest, financial or otherwise, in this business or the management of it.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London has been taking his usual New Year's holiday at his mother's house in Bournemouth. His chief amusement at the seaside is golf. On Sunday he will preach as usual on behalf of the East London Church Fund.

Canon Pearson, who has been appointed Bishop-Suffragan of Burnley in succession to Dr. Hoskyns, did good work at Nottingham and Brighton before he went to St. Mark's, Broomhall, in 1897. His departure from Sheffield will be much regretted, for he is very popular with all classes in the city. Canon Pearson was born at Brixton in 1848. Whilst firmly attached to Evangelical principles, his sympathies are wide.

The Rev. G. Foster Carter, who is Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham, and is at the head of the Bishop's Training School at Auckland Castle, has been offered the Rectory of St. Aldate's, Oxford, by the Simeon Trustees. Mr. Carter was a Scholar and Hulseian Exhibitioner of Brasenose, and acted for a time as curate at St. Clement's and Lecturer at Wycliffe Hall, Oxford. As a preacher he has already distinguished himself.

The clergy and laity of the diocese of Ripon propose to make a gift to Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, who is entering on the twenty-first year of his episcopate. It is probable that a portrait of the Bishop will be painted.

to be handed down as an heirloom of the diocese, while a more personal gift is likely to be offered as a proof of the universal esteem and affection in which he is held.

The Welsh revival has spread to Newport and also to the Swansea Valley, where Mr. Evan Roberts addressed large congregations in the closing days of the year. Some of the converts at Swansea have taken their parents out of the workhouse, while at the police-court of Abercarn the chairman was for the first time presented with a pair of white gloves. The Bishop of Bangor, in a pastoral letter, has warmly welcomed the revival, and has invited his clergy to make the month of January a season of united prayer.

The talking machine figures in Drury Lane Pantomime in Miss Queenie Leighton's song, "Love's Gramophone," now reproduced on the instrument itself. Messrs. the Gramophone and Typewriter Co., Ltd., of 21, City Road, E.C., have just been awarded the Grand Prize for Talking Machines and Records, Department of Liberal Arts, Group 21, St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

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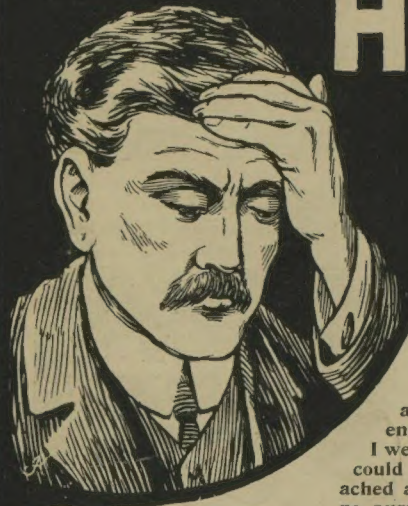
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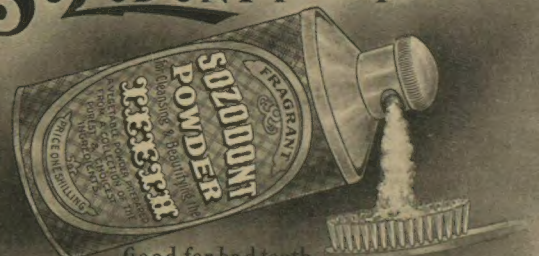
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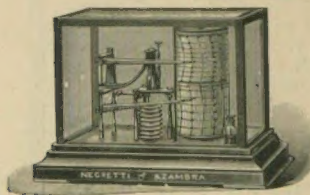
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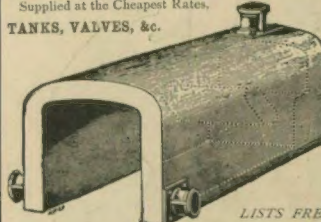
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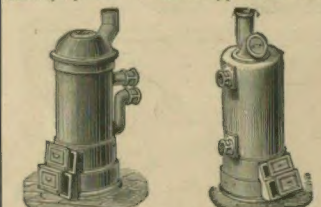
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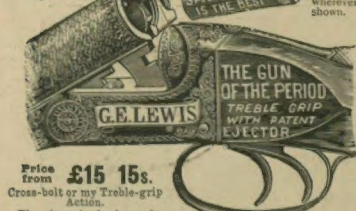
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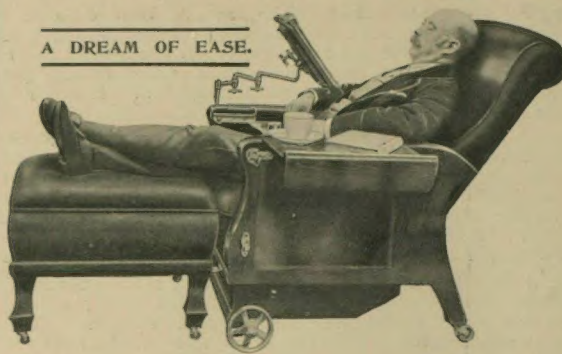
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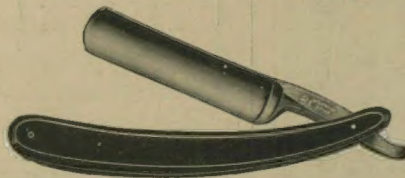
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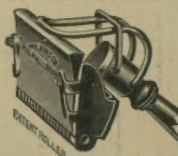
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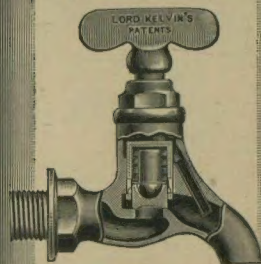
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